

The Listener

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The Nativity: drawing by Edward Bishop, R.B.A., from an early fourteenth-century (English) embroidered velvet band for an altar frontal, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London

Christmas 1954

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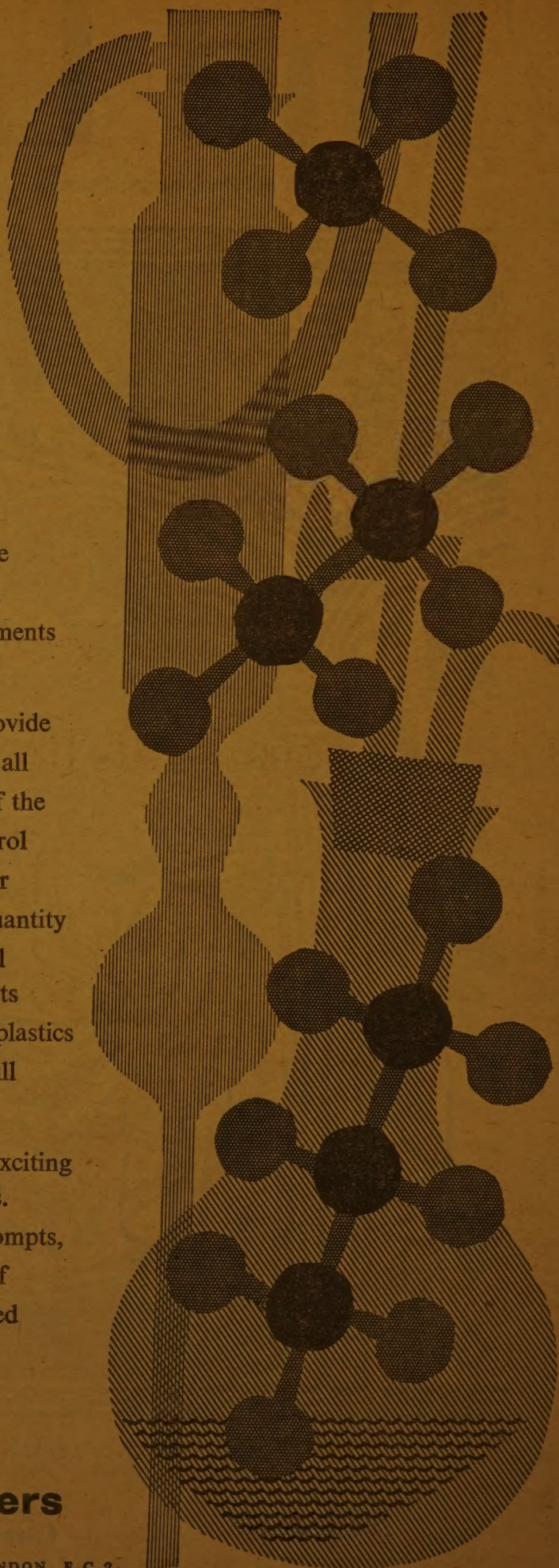
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The Listener

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Cyprus and the 'Enosis' Movement

By VERNON BARTLETT

DAY after day, the Cypriot newspapers have carried on the most bitter campaign against the Government* and until recently broadcasts from Athens have assured the Cypriots that they were no better than slaves. Keeping all this propaganda in mind, one might expect the United Nations' decision to be the signal for a good deal of trouble; it would be in almost any other country, but not, I think, here in Cyprus.

The man who sells me my morning newspaper is a well-known supporter of 'Union with Greece'—he looks and talks much as a follower of Garibaldi and Mazzini must have done during last century's struggle for Italian independence; but the news each day from New York leaves him as smiling and courteous as ever. In the past six weeks I have discussed *enosis*—union of Cyprus with Greece—with Cypriots of every kind. There have been angry words in some of those discussions but I have to admit that they came from me in expostulation against some argument which struck me as being exceptionally unrealistic, irresponsible, or unfair; and the discussions have always ended with the assurances of the greatest goodwill on either side.

I think people in Great Britain are inclined to underestimate the extent to which Greek-speaking Cypriots look upon themselves as Greeks, but I also think that they are inclined greatly to exaggerate the extent to which these Cypriots really want *enosis* to become an accomplished fact. Few of them, even in the Archbishop's palace, seem to have given much thought to the economic consequences of *enosis*. They seem to imagine, for example, that in the event of union with Greece, Cypriots would still be able to migrate by the thousand to the United Kingdom, and that British capital would still pour into the island. But those few Cypriots who do think about economics have become markedly less enthusiastic for *enosis* since it began to look as though it might possibly happen.

The lack of enthusiasm in the United Nations for the Greek appeal has been the subject of much disappointed comment. The communists

in particular have been blaming the United States; some of them have even claimed that the case of the Americans condemned as spies in China was brought to the United Nations solely in order to postpone any action about Cyprus.

In the absence of the Archbishop, but for whose energy I doubt whether we should hear a great deal about *enosis*, it is difficult to forecast future action here; but one distinct possibility is the organisation of another unofficial plebiscite similar to that organised by the Greek Orthodox Church in 1950, which showed an immense majority in favour of *enosis*. The police stations round the island could produce some interesting reports on the methods used on that occasion, but even if a secret ballot were held under strict international auspices, the *enosists* would doubtless still win a considerable majority. For this there are, I think, three reasons. First, such a thing as a really secret ballot seems to be an impossibility in Cyprus. Secondly, past governments have carried out no counter-propaganda; they have argued that the safest procedure was to allow the *enosists* to let off steam by flying the Greek flag from church towers or by scrawling *enosis* slogans on the walls. Thirdly, the Greek Orthodox Church has an immense temporal as well as spiritual power over the people. Under the Turkish rule, which had lasted for 300 years until the British took over in 1878, the Orthodox bishops were given the responsibility of collecting the taxes and to all intents and purposes of keeping the Christian community in order.

The part played by the communists is perhaps less important but it certainly is more sinister. The mayors of three out of the four considerable towns in the island are communists and there are at least 15,000 communist trade unionists as against about 3,000 non-communists. Also, their influence will increase as the island becomes more industrialised; at present they are protesting violently against the transfer to Cyprus of the Middle East base from the Canal Zone, but this transfer is already causing a shortage of builders and other

* Broadcast from Cyprus on December 17 before the riots which took place last week-end

workers which means that the army will, unwittingly, hasten the migration of man-power from the villages and the influence of the Church to the towns and the influence of the communists.

I have heard it suggested that the communists here are mild sort of people with no sympathy for world communism. I can judge only by their newspapers, and these are faithful followers of the Moscow line. They tend, for example, to emphasise the growing alarm of the Turks, whereas other *enosists* deny that there is any alarm at all. The communists do this presumably because any friction between Greece and Turkey weakens that *bête noire* of the communists, the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation; and, at the same time, they accuse the Greek Government of being weak, timid, and entirely under the influence of the Americans.

There is a third and very important party on the *enos* side; namely, the Greek Government. Its appeal to the United Nations for the ownership of an island, which a previous Greek Government by the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923 had explicitly recognised as a part of the British Commonwealth, has had two unfortunate results. One is

to create this friction between Greece and Turkey, and this is important to us all because the alliance between those two countries, whose armies have so often had to fight each other, is one of the greatest achievements of the whole Nato policy. In the second place, the United Nations discussion has extended the area of the world in which the most fantastic stories about this friendly island are believed, so let me emphasise these facts. No Cypriot is in prison for his political opinions; no Cypriot newspaper has been suppressed, and although some months ago there was an official and rather unfortunate reminder of the Government's power to suppress them, any more violent criticisms than those which they now print would go well beyond the barrier between liberty and licence. Education is in Greek, except for the Turkish fifth of the population, and it closely follows the pattern set down by the Department of Education in Athens. And, lastly, it is the *enosists* and not the Administration who oppose the introduction of a constitution which would lead, as it has done in so many other colonies, towards self-government.

'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The United Nations' Attitude to Sovereignty

By WILLIAM PICKLES

LAST Wednesday, the Political Committee of the United Nations Assembly decided, by forty-nine votes to none, that it would not discuss a resolution proposed by Greece about 'the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples in the case of the population of the island of Cyprus'. The reason which the Political Committee gave for refusing to discuss this Greek resolution was that 'for the time being, it does not appear appropriate to adopt a resolution on Cyprus'. But the representative of this country, Mr. Nutting, made it clear that, in his view, it never would be 'appropriate' to discuss a resolution of that kind, and he also made it clear that if the Committee did decide to discuss the Greek resolution, he would walk out.

Two days later, Mr. Nutting also voted in favour of a proposal to postpone discussion of a similar resolution proposed by the Lebanon, about Morocco. This resolution was differently worded from the other one, but it complained, in effect, that France was not according the right of self-determination to the people of Morocco. A week before that, another partly similar matter had come before this same Political Committee, in the form of a resolution severely criticising the South African Government for its policy of racial segregation. This particular resolution was passed, but again Mr. Nutting had cast the British vote against intervention.

My only quarrel with Mr. Nutting is that I think he made a mistake in agreeing to discuss these things in any form. I think it was a mistake on the part of the United Nations to pass the resolution on South Africa, merely to postpone discussion of the one on Morocco, and to refuse the third discussion simply on the ground that it was not 'appropriate' to have it at this time. I do not think the Committee ought even to have discussed whether it should discuss these things. I think the Chairman should have ruled them out of order under paragraph 7 of article 2 of the Charter of the United Nations, which says that the United Nations may never interfere 'in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state'.

I start from the same point of view as Mr. Nutting's critics. I hate the racial policy of the South African Government. I am not even keen, in the long run, on the principle of national sovereignty, on the right of every country to do what it likes with its own, which is what paragraph 7 of article 2 of the Charter is trying to protect. But I am sure that national sovereignty can only be worn away slowly, by finding better arrangements—working and tested arrangements—to replace it, and until that has happened I am equally sure that we do no good at all to the U.N. by asking it to do jobs it was never intended to do.

There are several reasons for this. The first is that too many United Nations members have proved themselves to be unfitted, at present, for intervention in this kind of thing. Even in the Trusteeship Council, which is entitled to interfere in the government of some backward territories, some countries have played local politics, supporting what they thought were good vote-catching cries at home, instead of what

they thought was good for the trustee territories. Last week the Arab countries which wanted to vote for Moroccan independence were happy not to discuss Cypriot independence—because independence for Morocco is a popular subject for them at home, while independence for Cyprus is awkward. They forgot that the general principle was the same. So that is the first reason for keeping these things out of U.N.

The second is that, until the United Nations has power to enforce its decisions, to ask it to make decisions is to invite it to behave irresponsibly. If ever the members of the United Nations are prepared to give it power to intervene in everybody's affairs, including their own, the picture will look different. But no country is prepared for that at this stage. For if we were to decide to give power to the United Nations to intervene anywhere on behalf of, say, oppressed minorities, we should have to make clear exactly what we meant by a minority. If the Cypriots are a minority in the British Commonwealth, so are the Turks in Cyprus—a much larger minority in proportion. If Cyprus becomes independent, and then the Cyprus Turks claim independence, does the United Nations have to give it to them too? And if some of the Cyprus Turks then invent a new religion, do they in turn become yet another oppressed minority? If the independent Cypriots refuse to give independence in turn to the Turkish minority, and if both find allies, are you prepared to go to war, with the risk of its turning into a world war, for the sake of the little band of Turks?

We are entitled as citizens to band together with other citizens to protest about South African native policy, or French policy in Morocco, or British policy in Cyprus, or anything else. What we cannot do is ask our Government to protest for us. Governments have to deal with other governments, and if they do not respect each other's rights, we lose what little order we have in world affairs.

It would be a fair criticism of my argument so far to say that I am proposing to turn the United Nations into nothing more than an instrument for keeping things as they are. And that, I agree, would defeat its own purpose. Nations change as human beings do. Backward peoples grow up and want to run their own affairs. Great Powers turn into small ones and little ones become big. Treaties go out of date. And if the United Nations does not take account of all those things; if it sees its job as helping all its members to keep what they have; if it always neglects justice in order to keep peace and forgets that, in the long run, justice is one of the conditions of peace, then war will explode upon us again and destroy the United Nations, and probably the human race as well.

The best way is for us all to learn to make changes willingly—as Britain and Holland have done and as France is learning to do. But for those who refuse to learn, the conditions and the methods of peaceful change can only be worked out slowly, and it will be a long time, if ever, before we find any general rules that everybody is willing to accept and help to impose. And without general rules, there can be no general international authority.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Neglected Holy Places in Palestine

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

I WANT to discuss a great scandal—the scandal of the Christian Holy Places in Palestine. I do not intend to talk about the conflict there between Jews and Arabs. But Palestine is a Holy Land—a Holy Land to Jews and Moslems but, above all, a Holy Land, as some people seem almost to forget, to Christians. I had the chance earlier this year of seeing the Christian Holy Places in Palestine and I want to say something about their dangers.

Let us take the three places most centrally connected with the Christian story—Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem. Nazareth is the capital of Galilee, a province almost entirely inhabited by Arabs. By an accident it was included within the Israeli lines at the time of the military armistice. It is a purely Arab town, but it is also the headquarters of the Israeli military government. No Arab can leave it except with a pass. It is also the leading city of communism in Israel.

Bethlehem is in Jordan, and one of the most bloody of the recent Arab-Israeli clashes took place in what is virtually a suburb of Bethlehem. It would be far more difficult for Joseph and Mary to make the journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem today than it would have been in the times of the Emperor Augustus. Indeed, it would be impossible for them to make such a journey today, for no Jew is allowed to cross the frontier from Israel into Jordan.

Then, take Jerusalem itself. The city of Jerusalem is today divided into two: the old city, containing almost all the Holy Places, is under Jordan; the new city is under Israel. It was the merest chance that in the recent war the Christian Holy Places were not destroyed as an incident in the war between Jews and Arabs in which they as Christians were not themselves as a party concerned. It was once more an accident that they were not destroyed in the fighting that broke out at the beginning of this year. No one can have any confidence that, if nothing is done, fighting will not break out again and that they will not be so lucky a third time.

Unfortunately, there is all too much reason to fear that, if the Holy Places should not be destroyed by Arab or Jewish military action,



Jerusalem: a view showing (right foreground) the domed Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Top, left, beneath the tall spire, is the Church of the Ascension; and at the foot of the hill is the Garden of Gethsemane. The Dome of the Rock (centre background) is on the site of Solomon's Temple; on its left is the site of Pilate's judgement hall



A closer view of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, showing its present state of dilapidation

they will, nevertheless, fall down owing to Christian neglect. There is so long a story of denominational rivalry among the Christians in Jerusalem that, by an arrangement which goes back to Turkish times, all repairs to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre have to be carried out by all the Christian denominations in collaboration. Today, if one goes to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one finds that it is shored up by a good deal of temporary scaffolding work. That scaffolding was put up by the British Royal Engineers nearly thirty years ago, and it remains there to this day simply because if it were taken away the church would fall down. And no arrangement for permanent repair can be made because of the rivalry between the Christians. The Greek Orthodox are not able to pay their share of the repairs and are not willing that their fellow Christians should carry them out alone. When a recent earthquake cracked a hole in the dome of the church, the repairs were made by King Abdullah, a Moslem, contrary to all protocol, simply because there was no chance that if it was left to the Christians it would ever be done at all.

The United Nations, with its face-saving formulae which it has never had the energy to carry out, has a wretched record in that part of the world. There would certainly be political difficulties in any general internationalisation of all Jerusalem, but there is no reason why the Holy Places should not be internationalised. There is no reason to think that either Jews or Arabs would object to this. Indeed, the main reaction of both of them is one of contempt of the Christian world for its indifference to its own most sacred places. The problem is not solved primarily because so few people in any of the Christian countries throughout the world take any interest in it or care in the least that it should be solved.

—Television Service

Nationalism and the British Commonwealth

A Plea for Experiment in the Commonwealth

KENNETH ROBINSON gives the fourth of five talks

WHEN, nearly twenty years ago, Sir Keith Hancock was writing the opening chapter of his great *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*, he drew a contrast between 'the logic of the schools' and 'the logic of experience'. The 'logic of the schools' had insisted that political sovereignty must in its nature be unfettered and absolute: it might be surrendered but it could not be divided and, as far as the British Empire was concerned, it resided in the Crown in parliament, in the British parliament, that is to say. The rigidity of such doctrines had made the loss of the American colonies inevitable, and, a century and a half later, could still be held to imply that, as a matter of strict law 'the Imperial parliament could, if it chose, annihilate the whole constitutional structure of Dominion freedom'. Over against this 'logic of the schools' stood the 'logic of experience' with its acceptance of the facts of Dominion self-government, 'the facts of a liberty which was growing towards equality and seeking a new form of unity through voluntary co-operation'. The last quarter of a century has seen the triumph of this 'logic of experience' in the restatement of the legal structure of the Commonwealth to accord with the facts of its political life. The nations of the Commonwealth 'remain', in the words of the London Declaration of 1949, 'united as free and equal members of the Commonwealth of Nations, freely co-operating in the pursuit of peace, liberty, and progress'.

Dependent Territories

Yet there are, of course, still many British territories overseas which are not full members of the Commonwealth and remain dependent territories, formally subject to British sovereignty though in practice enjoying, in varying degree, freedom to rule themselves. One of the great questions of our time is whether the passion for the abolition of colonialism, of all such forms of political subordination in these and other dependent territories, can be reconciled with the need for political systems capable of effective handling of their often baffling social and economic problems; capable of successfully absorbing the shocks which rapid and uneven social change inevitably produces, and of withstanding the imposition of new and ruthless imperialisms. To this question of what is to replace colonialism, the Commonwealth answer seems to be 'independence plus informal association'. Independence is taken as implying parliamentary cabinet government and, more recently, political democracy, while informal association involves a profound reluctance to any precise formulation of the implications of membership.

There is a general impression that the Commonwealth is a success because it is the outcome of a sound, matter-of-fact approach, a readiness to accept as inevitable the desire of subject peoples to 'run their own show' and to adjust legal and constitutional doctrines to such political realities, and this impression reinforces the prestige of the formula. Its application to the remaining problems of government in the colonial territories seems to represent at once a continuation of that approach and its consummation. Of course, the phrase commonly used to define the political objective of British colonial policy—'self-government within the Commonwealth'—does not necessarily imply the model of 'independence plus informal association' but the absence of any alternative models is conspicuous. One may ask if the 'logic of experience' is not in its turn showing signs of degenerating into a 'logic of the schools'; is not dogma once more in danger of impeding experiment?

Much of our new orthodoxy implies that British policies have consistently aimed at the development of self-government in overseas territories. It is true that they have generally tolerated a wide variety of forms of government, and there has been a readiness to permit some of the inhabitants a voice in the conduct of their affairs, combined with a rather vague suggestion that at some remote future self-government might be practicable. In contrast to other Imperial powers, British opinion has at any rate not been shocked at such a possibility, though until recently it could be comfortably secure in what seemed to be its obvious remoteness. Much that has been central to this British approach

is summed up in Burke's proposition that 'the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them'. In the older Dominions, where British settlement took place in comparatively empty countries, this came to mean increasingly independent, parliamentary governments, and so successful did it seem that it was even applied, though not without misgivings, to South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, in spite of their much more numerous native peoples. But its results were somewhat different in areas like India, and most of tropical Africa, inhabited by large populations with their own distinctive ways of life and systems of government, and unsuitable for permanent European settlement.

In such territories the attitude expressed in Burke's dictum tended initially to accept what it found there and to interfere with it as little as was consistent with effective British control for immediate purposes, often quite limited ones. For the most part, the British outlook was somewhat sceptical of the possibilities of 'directed' or 'contrived' social change. It expressed more often a kind of political *laissez-faire*, inclined to think of both social institutions and the political structure they made possible as the outcome of a largely unconscious process, a kind of organic growth which could not be greatly changed or accelerated by direct action. On the other hand, considerable economic changes were eventually brought about. Their revolutionary social and political implications were generally underestimated and not infrequently ignored. After all, great economic changes seemed to be absorbed without any major upheaval in Britain itself. But Britain is a country with an exceptionally high degree of political consensus—'a people so fundamentally at one that they can afford to bicker', in Balfour's famous phrase; and this, perhaps, made it more difficult to foresee the revolutionary potentialities of such changes in countries like those of Asia and Africa, where they were precipitated by the impact of an external force, an alien civilisation, and the more so since they appeared to affect only a tiny minority of the people.

Again, when some of the political implications of new social forces and classes came, at length, to be realised, there was often a tendency to carry over many of the assumptions appropriate to the working of political institutions in Britain itself, and to posit that political institutions in these overseas territories must be operated in a manner which in fact it was unrealistic to expect in circumstances so different. The most obvious examples are to be found in the reiterated hopes that those called upon to work political institutions in these countries would display a readiness to compromise, a willingness not to pursue particular interests to extremes; qualities which in fact depend upon a large measure of that underlying agreement which is the unspoken premise of what we understand by political activity. But the forces which our activities set in motion overseas gain strength and explode into demands for greater power, for a dominant voice in the determination of events, for equality of status, not only as individuals but as peoples, in a word, they explode into 'nationalism'. At this point, the wheel revolves full circle: with whatever misgivings and divided minds, we fall back once more on the acceptance of 'what is'—or, rather, what 'what is' has so suddenly become. Even if we still cling to the hope that the Commonwealth formula can be realised by stages, it seems now the only practical solution. And thus the feeling that it represents a realistic acceptance of political realities is reinforced.

Multi-racial Societies

And, for all its difficulties, the Commonwealth formula often is realistic. But in two cases, I suggest, it is not. The first is exemplified in some of the multi-racial societies about which Dr. Ronald Robinson was speaking;* the second in some of the smaller territories of the Commonwealth.

British policy has had much experience of multi-racial societies. Can we learn anything from it? What this experience above all suggests is how different are the situations which can be brought together under this umbrella phrase 'multi-racial society'. The West Indies, for instance, are multi-racial societies but they are not divided into racially

separate groups whose mutual fears and recriminations provide a major obstacle to self-government. They have had time to develop a middle class which has a common culture, and forms, to a large extent, a common society, in spite of varying racial origins.

But even in the communally divided territories elsewhere there is great variety. In some of them, although the various communities may be somewhat mixed up, each may be largely concentrated in a particular area. In such cases, confronted by the demon of representative government, or, still worse, that of democracy, partition may be preferred to continued union. Alternatively, it may be possible to contrive a central government in which each community has some share combined with a large devolution of power to more or less homogeneous units, a kind of modified partition, or even outright federalism. On the whole, however, the British outlook, coloured no doubt by our own experience of strong unitary government in a multi-national society has tended to fight too shy of partition; at the same time, paradoxically, our earlier tendency to accept 'what is' has sometimes seemed to stereotype rather than reduce such communal cleavages. If we recall the history of Ireland, India, and Palestine in the last half-century we must, I think, be sceptical about demonstrations of the alleged impossibility of partition, or of forms of 'partial partition'. But there is no question that the crux of the problem is in those territories, the Central African Federation and Kenya, where any such plan does seem impracticable.

Disparities between the Communities

And here, I think, the very prestige of the Commonwealth formula may, in a way, diminish the prospects of a solution. It is true that the disparities between the communities in economic power, in technical skill, in political experience, and in social custom cannot be banished overnight by policies, however well intentioned or by constitutions, however well contrived. Each group, in Ronald Robinson's phrase, 'acts as a state within a state', and in the past a somewhat precarious, and occasionally lop-sided, balance of power between these pseudo states has been maintained by the United Kingdom acting as a sort of arbiter. I do not believe that there is any immediate possibility of securing such a balance of power between the various communities without such an external factor, compatible, that is to say, with formal independence. But do we not reduce the possibility of such a development by the tacit acceptance of the British parliamentary system as the model, a system which apparently grants full powers of legislation to any majority untrammelled by any of the procedural devices of constitutional entrenchment, or the solemn and formal enumeration of fundamental rights. A great opportunity of doing something of this kind seems to have been lost in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. I know, of course, the ultimate weakness of such arrangements against determined opposition: their strength cannot be much more than the strength of their genuine acceptance. But they may play an important part in bringing about such an acceptance. Would it not have been wise, would it not still be wise in Kenya, to begin now the task of trying to develop a local loyalty to some definition of an agreed basis of future development?

What about the second case in which the Commonwealth formula hardly seems to apply? Whatever the criteria for independence may be, (and, in the atomic age, they are already under notice of drastic revision) there are some territories evidently too small to sustain this role. The history of Newfoundland has provided a classic instance and its ultimate decision suggests what has often been the answer in the Commonwealth, federation. It may be that the West Indies will succeed in solving their problems in this way, but there are many other small territories in which no such association with other Commonwealth territories seems feasible and which clearly cannot aspire to full membership of the Commonwealth.

But, I shall be reminded, 'self-government within the Commonwealth' does not necessarily imply 'independence plus informal association'. Will not substantial internal self-government suffice—together with provision ensuring the United Kingdom of ultimate control? Views like these seem to me characteristically to ignore questions of status which do not much interest us; it is just the attitude we often used to adopt in respect of what are now the full members of the Commonwealth. Such an attitude greatly underestimates both the present strength of feeling against colonial status and the extent to which this is likely to increase. More and more of the hitherto dependent territories of the world are achieving some form of independence, and those that do not come to seem more and more anomalous. Nor should we overlook the possibility that the opportunity of escaping

from colonial status is one factor capable of being exploited in some of those territories to which foreign countries lay claim; which, by the way, includes a number of the smaller territories.

It seems to me most important to discover some viable alternative to continued colonial status in those territories too small for independence. The recent discussions of the future status of Malta has aroused some interest in this subject. Her Majesty's Government has declared that, on account of Malta's position as a fortress 'and of her relative size and the disabilities imposed by her lack of resources', she could not be regarded as 'eligible to be considered for full independent membership of the Commonwealth'. They offered to arrange for that island to be placed formally under the authority of Her Majesty in Council, like the Channel Islands, with the Home Secretary as the responsible minister. But it was emphasised that Malta's position was unique and that this proposal could not be a precedent for other small territories. So the possibilities of this plan seem limited. In any case, it fell far short of the demands put forward by some Maltese leaders for a large measure of incorporation in the United Kingdom, including representation of the island in parliament and the extension to Malta of British social services and direct taxation.

Even if this could be done with Malta, the idea is far from attractive to the British outlook as a general proposition. Still less attractive is the complete political incorporation of these smaller territories with the United Kingdom, such as France has brought about since the war in making four of her smaller territories overseas Departments. For one thing, we seem to have too vivid a recollection of the tactics of the Irish members at Westminster. The only other possibility seems to be some formal division of the powers and functions of government between such territories and the United Kingdom. But some way must be found to associate representatives of each in dealing with any business which is not left wholly to the territories. Unless something of this sort can be done, there is little hope of killing off the bog of colonial status. One way in which it might be done would be by the creation of an Overseas Territories Council; such a body could, among other things, deal with any general legislation relating to such territories that might be needed.

Our past experience and the Commonwealth formula perhaps seem least helpful in regard to these problems of the smaller territories, but in all these issues of overseas government we must avoid too facile a reliance on the new orthodoxies of the 'logic of experience'. We must strive to recover flexibility and cherish imagination. Only by the continuous exercise of both, in genuine political experiment, can the Commonwealth hope to avoid the hardening of the arteries which so often marks the onset of senility.—*Third Programme*

The Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-06, though failing to achieve one of its main purposes—the discovery of a commercially practicable water route between the Mississippi and the Pacific—was nevertheless an event of the greatest significance in the history of the United States. Not merely did the expedition strengthen the American claim to the Oregon Territory, but by providing the first reliable information about the size and resources of the Louisiana Purchase, it paved the way first for the rise of the western fur trade and later for the settlement of the western half of the Mississippi valley. Moreover, by turning the eyes of their countrymen westward, Captains Lewis and Clark helped bring to an end that preoccupation with the affairs of Europe which had characterised American thinking until then. The journals kept by the captains during the expedition's two-year absence from civilisation, *The Journals of Lewis and Clark*, edited by Bernard DeVoto (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 36s.), are justly described by their present editor as 'the most interesting as well as the most important original narrative of North American exploration', and, as such, have long been an indispensable source for the historian of the American west. They have hitherto been available, however, only in the seven volume edition published half a century ago, and Mr. DeVoto deserves to be warmly thanked for making them accessible to a wider public. He has done so by reducing the journals to about one-third of their original length, though he has not omitted any material of outstanding interest to the general reader. As one follows the expedition's progress up the Missouri river, across the Rockies and down the Columbia to the Pacific, one becomes aware of the real magnitude of its achievement in traversing a vast wilderness most of which had never previously been visited by white men. Though the party was fortunate enough to avoid contact with the most warlike of the Plains Indians, it had constantly to be on its guard in dealing with the suspicious red men, whilst a host of other difficulties had to be contended with—the navigational hazards presented by uncharted rivers, the sickness brought on by extremes of climate and lack of food, the plagues of insects and the encounters with grizzly bears and wolves.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Christmas 1954

THE secular glorification of Christmas is a thriving business. As a nation of shopkeepers we certainly know how to make the most of ourselves at this season of the year. Windows and whole streets vie with one another in decorative effort, and last-minute buyers crowd round the counters wishing they had done their Christmas shopping earlier and as often as not allowing their choice of gifts to be governed more by desperation than good sense. By the time these words appear the Christmas cards will have been despatched—except possibly for one or two that for reasons we all know about have to be put in the post at the eleventh hour; the presents will have been bought and safely hidden away; and the greater part of the Christmas rush will be over. The next preoccupation of the anxious housewife (as if she were not always preoccupied) will be with the high spot of the whole proceeding—the preparation of the Christmas dinner.

To suggest that this, with all the accompanying festivities in which the children play a leading part, is all that Christmas amounts to would be absurd. Men and women the world over find a response in their hearts to the appeal that Christmas makes, and if in our largely material, scientific, and technological civilisation we have an outlet for feelings which transcend the absorptions of our daily life, it is natural that we should express them in terms that are familiar and traditional. One can hardly imagine it otherwise. The cause for celebration has been handed down to us from generation to generation; the historicity, the interpretation, and the significance of that cause is a question that men have argued and differed about and will go on arguing and differing about to the end of time. But the commercialisation of Christmas and the heavy emphasis placed on the material side of its celebration is a comment on the way things have developed, a comment of which western society has little reason to be proud. 'Christmas without Christ' it has been called, and who will say that it is not a just characterisation of much that goes on at this period of the year?

What then? Should Christians alone celebrate the birthday of their Saviour, leaving the rest to pass the time according to their fancy—regarding the holiday, if they feel inclined, as a modern form of Saturnalia? That would seem to be the logic of it, though happily not the last word. For logic was never a good guide to life. The Christmas message, whatever authority may be assigned to it, is profoundly related to the human situation, never more so than in this year of grace 1954. How shall we live? How shall we behave? On what code of morals, ethics, values, are our actions to be based? Why on one code rather than on another? These are questions that mingle with the roots of our existence as civilised, or potentially civilised, human beings. They are questions that every responsible adult has at some stage to ask himself and try to find an answer. Christians have their own answer, but whatever our beliefs, to give our minds to such questions at Christmas, so far from degrading the great festival, is to honour it, not indeed as it should be honoured, but at least in no unworthy way; in pondering such questions we may even stumble on truths that will affect the manner of our living. 'Christianity is outmoded and superstitious', a certain dictator was recently reported as saying to a visiting clergyman from another country. Replied the clergyman: 'You have never really seen vital Christianity at work'. 'Possibly', retorted the dictator, 'but where do you think I could go to see it?' 'That's a good question', commented the clergyman, 'I don't know the answer'. Do any of us?

What They Are Saying

Communist comment on the Paris agreements

MOSCOW BROADCASTS were again dominated by warnings that if the Paris agreements were ratified subsequent negotiations with the Soviet Union would be pointless. The warnings broadcast directly to France culminated, on December 16, in a Soviet Note to France, whose text was broadcast by Moscow radio the same day. The Note stated that ratification would mean the annulment of the 1944 French-Soviet Treaty of Alliance, and added: 'The whole responsibility for this will fall on France and on the French Government'. Two days previously Moscow radio had broadcast an article in *Izvestia*, which stated:

In order to convince the French public that negotiations with the U.S.S.R. can be conducted parallel with the ratification of the Paris agreements, rumours are being circulated to the effect that parallel negotiations of some sort are, in fact, being conducted with the Soviet Government. In particular, reference is made to talks on the Austrian question. Yet it is well known that, against the background of the ratification of the Paris agreements, talks would be as pointless on the Austrian question as on the German problem. At the same time it is rumoured that representatives of the four powers will probably meet next May for talks on the German question, although the Soviet Note of December 9 clearly states that talks held after ratification would be pointless.

According to a *Tass* transmission, *Izvestia* also published an appeal by Patriarch Alexei of Russia, saying:

Today, when the universal hope for a peaceful coexistence of peoples is darkened by the ominous shadow of the Paris and London agreements, the Russian Orthodox Church desires to remind the European and all other peoples of the horrors which were the lot of most of them but recently, when the beast of war embodied in German fascism destroyed tens of millions of human lives and caused irreparable damage.

The satellite radios also broadcast statements by church leaders of various denominations in those countries inveighing against the Paris agreements and German militarism and 'blessing' the Moscow conference. Visions of the horrors of a rearméd Germany, complete with atomic weapons, were broadcast far and wide. The Soviet home radio, quoting an *Avanti* despatch from Bonn, reported:

The Adenauer Government has already obtained Franco's consent to the formation of joint Spanish-German enterprises for the manufacture of atomic weapons under the guidance of German specialists. The output of these enterprises is destined for the west German army. At the same time, Blank is trying to set up in the Federal Republic a network of atomic research laboratories . . . to promote atomic weapon production in western Germany itself.

The east German radio reported that a secret agreement had allegedly been signed by Adenauer and Dulles in Washington:

In this agreement, the Federal Government declares that territorial claims on the Sudetenland and other east European territories will be raised officially only after ratification of the Paris agreements by all parties. The U.S. Government undertakes to support the claims of the Federal Government by all means at its disposal, including military means. The U.S. Government advises the west German Government to exercise reserve for the time being in pressing claims to areas west of the Rhine, like Alsace-Lorraine, so as not to impede the implementation of the Paris agreements.

Before and during the Bundestag debate on ratification, the east German radio stepped up its output of resolutions and appeals against ratification from various sources. Berlin radio broadcast an appeal from Dr. Otto John (who recently went over to east Germany) to the Bundestag deputies. Anybody harbouring the delusion that negotiations with the U.S.S.R. would still be possible after ratification, he said, was 'a victim of the most fatal political fallacy of modern times'. Among the numerous broadcasts from the satellite countries against ratification was an account broadcast by all Czechoslovak stations of a mass rally in Prague. Prime Minister Siroky was quoted as saying there was still time to prevent ratification:

It is a lie when you are told that the Paris agreements do not mean war. It is the same lie as they told you in 1938—that the shameful Munich betrayal would save peace in Europe. . . . We are not prepared to watch passively the imperialists' preparations for war. From this meeting and from all corners of the Republic, let the cry be heard: 'Down with the Paris agreements and the remilitarisation of western Germany'.

Did You Hear That?

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN SOHO

DURING THESE LAST DAYS before Christmas, every hour of the day in the West End of London the crowds pour from the buses and tube stations into the slow-moving, ever-flowing stream of people which moves between the big stores in Oxford Street. If you turn south, just a little way off this main stream, you are suddenly in an entirely changed atmosphere. NEVILLE BARKER, a B.B.C. reporter, described for 'Radio Newsreel' an hour or so he spent there among the wine shops and the newsagents of Soho, hung with newspapers in a dozen languages.

'The shop fronts help to foster the legend—and legend it is—of a Soho inhabited entirely by foreigners living in self-contained communities cut off from London. In fifty yards of pavement, going by the names over the doors of these little shops, you can travel from Italy to Spain, to Germany, to France, and back again to Italy. But the truth is that if these genial shopkeepers had to depend on the trade of their compatriots, most of them would be out of business long before next Christmas.

'As many as eight out of ten of the customers are British people and, to a man, Soho's shopkeepers called down blessings on the growing urge in this country to travel abroad, because that is where the British get the taste for these foods. Christmas apparently multiplies this urge to add Continental and even more remotely won delicacies to the festive table. I spent a fascinating hour with one of the owners of a Brewer Street shop which had a list of 300 separate items from a dozen countries, including, he noted proudly, the only stock of Japanese soya sauce in the country. In his window I saw, side by side, jars of German caviare, long coils of all the multiple forms of Italian *pasta*, vine leaves from Greece, hot mustard oil and Bombay duck from India, Chinese lotus nuts and seaweed suitable for cooking, Dutch pickled cucumbers and bottles of Jamaican chili-fruit sauce.

'His customers, he told me, are mostly British, and at this time of year many of them became infected with a sort of buying mania—snapping up tins bearing Chinese labels and rather sketchy pictures of the contents, not knowing, he said, how on earth to go about preparing them. But just as many are connoisseurs intent, no doubt, on giving a surprise—if that is the word—to relatives arriving on Christmas Day for what they believe will be traditional fare'.

THE MISTLETOE AND 'THE GOLDEN BOUGH'

'The mistletoe', said GEORGE ORDISH in 'Woman's Hour', is a semi-parasitic plant—that is, although it pushes its roots into the sap of a tree and draws water and food from its host, it also has green leaves and can make some food for itself from the air just like other plants.

'It is a dioecious plant, that is the male and female flowers are on different plants, as, for instance, the hop. The flowers appear in the spring, usually in the axils of a bunch of three leaves. A seed develops within the sticky berry, which is the pearl-like fruit we know on the mistletoe bough at Christmas.

'The plant is propagated in nature in a strange manner. The seeds are attractive to birds—particularly the mistle-thrush—and as the birds eat them the sticky gum-like substance of the berry gets on their

beaks. They fly off to other trees and rub their beaks on the branches to get them clean when a seed may lodge in a crack and there germinate, send down its root into the sap and a shoot in the air and start another plant.

'It is easy to grow mistletoe. All you do is to collect some ripe seeds about this time of the year, make some cuts in the branch of a tree (the apple tree is one of the best) and push in the seed from the sticky berries. The wound can be wrapped round with raffia to make sure the seed stays there. A tiny mistletoe plant will come up the following spring and summer. It will, however, be about three years before it is big enough to cut for Christmas decorations. The mistletoe plant grows on a number of trees—apple, poplar, willow, lime, mountain ash, and oak. Mistletoe is always associated in the popular mind with the oak,

but in fact it is rather rare on this tree. It thrives in a warm, damp climate.

'There is a great deal of magic and legend associated with this plant. It is the "golden bough" of Sir James Frazer's wonderful book. It probably had great significance for early man owing to the fact that while the leaves of the tree died and fell in winter, the golden bough remained alive and green. The spirit of the tree was thought to have entered into the mistletoe and for this reason it was regarded as sacred; also, it grew high—half-way between heaven and earth. The mistletoe is the last item in Pliny's *Natural History* (written about A.D. 70) and he

tells us how the ancient Druids cut it with a golden sickle so that it fell into a white cloak, for it would lose its magical properties were it to touch the ground.

'It seems the plant was particularly useful against witches, and as witches are very active in dairies—particularly in northern England and Wales—it was always hung in the dairy to give protection and, I believe, it is still used to some extent for this purpose there, as it is well known that nothing is so fatal to milk and butter as witchcraft.

'Why was the mistletoe called the "golden bough"? It seems a strange name in view of the fact that it is a pale green plant with white fruit. I think there are two reasons: first, as the plant dries it turns a bright-golden colour, and, secondly, when growing it is more clearly seen in winter and is more impressive in the yellow winter sunshine which gives it a golden hue'.

A FRENCHMAN ON LONDON TRAFFIC

Le Figaro has lately published a special article on the problem of London's traffic. M. Didier Merlin recently came over here, hired a small-powered British car, and spent a week driving in the streets of London; and in the article he gave his impressions and contrasted the traffic problem of Paris with that of London. THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, discussed M. Merlin's observations in a talk in the Light Programme. 'M. Merlin's main conclusion', he said, 'can be summed up in the historic phrase, "They order these things better in France". This he says in no Jingo manner, for he pays a generous tribute to the spirit of discipline and the consideration towards pedestrians shown by the majority of British motorists. But he is aghast at the extent of the



'The Golden Bough', by J. M. W. Turner

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

area in which traffic jams are a regular, twice-daily feature. He writes, for example: "When one sees during the morning and evening rush hours the compact mass, solid and immobile, of what should be mobile, one cannot help feeling that the Parisians are still privileged". And he goes on to say that the only consolation for being forced to lose time in a means of transport designed to gain time is the fact that there is no cheating. Traffic, he remarks, is impersonal—this is equally true for the open road, where nobody pays attention to his neighbour's speed.

Nevertheless, M. Merlin was surprised to find that when the traffic does move it goes considerably faster than is generally believed. He adds: "But stops are abrupt and complete. There is no subtle infiltration, as practised in France". The main obstacles to traffic in London, catalogued by M. Merlin, are narrow streets and the lack of car subways, which are plentiful in Paris and are gradually increasing in number. The writer might have referred also to the lack of a circle of wide boulevards round the capital, which in Paris enables motorists to by-pass the centre of the city and so relieves the congestion there while making high speeds possible on the perimeter.

It is surprising, too, that M. Merlin did not record other contrasts or differences between the two capitals. In Paris, the faster one goes, within reason, the better the police like it—waving you on with a smile or a scowl to a speed which would bring a posse of London police cars on your trail. Then, again, whereas the average London motorist brakes to avoid danger, the Parisian accelerates to save his skin. Often enough he fails to save his mudguards, as the state of many cars here, including my own, shows all too well. As for road manners—well, speed has its price, and in Paris the price is paid in full.

ILLUSTRATING 'ALICE'

MERVYN PEAKE has recently made new illustrations for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. In a Home Service talk he spoke about his problems. 'It is', he said, 'up to the illustrator to get as close as he can to the spirit of the text. To be as gentle as a lamb if the book is gentle, or as vile as a vampire if the book is vile. When it is the White Knight astride his horse, moving to and fro in the light of the dying sun, then let there be a crazed sweetness on the page, and in the artist's work, but when it is the Ugly Duchess who arrives on the scene, or the Mad Hatter, do let us have them really ugly and really mad; and when it is the Jabberwock, would it not be awful to have him (as Alice might have said) "gentleified" when he is really perhaps the maddest and wildest beast in literature.

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tum-tum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burred as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

Does this frighten children? Not a bit! Alice herself says in her rather prim but quite intrepid way: 'Somebody killed something; that's clear at any rate'.

There is, of course, the hypersensitive, nervy child who might be terrified by, let us say the Cheshire Cat grinning through the branches. It may be for this child, the journey upstairs to bed is a nightmare of

terror, with the Cheshire Cat waiting in the shadows of every landing. But for every one frightened child there are a thousand who are not frightened, but whose parents think they ought to be. But in *Alice* there is no horror. There is only a certain kind of madness, or nonsense—a very different thing'.

OWNER OF A TOLL BAR

WILLIAM HOLT is the owner of a toll bar in Todmorden in the Yorkshire Pennines. He spoke about it in 'The Northcountryman'. 'This toll road', he said, 'is only for horse-drawn traffic. And there is something ironic about my own personal position as owner, because most of my life I have had to pay toll myself when passing along this road. So I can thoroughly understand, even if I do not sympathise with, the attitude of the public to this gate of mine.

'I remember how my father and my uncles used to grumble at having to pay tolls for their horses and carts when my grandfather was farming and they came along this road. What does it feel like, now, to be the robber baron and to collect these abhorred tolls? There is nothing like first-hand experience for thoroughly understanding a point of view. When I bought this old estate at Kilnhurst and came to live in this old Elizabethan house, I read the story of this right-of-way written on three sheep skins in my title deeds. A predecessor of mine in title agreed with a neighbouring landlord to build a road round the spur of a hill so that his neighbour could use it and cross his land as a short cut to town provided that he would pay toll each time he used it. As his successor I am responsible for the upkeep of this road and its retaining walls. So why should not I collect tolls?

'The tolls are little enough at today's prices and the value of money. Here is the schedule of tolls to be charged under the deed:

... For every Horse Mule or Ass Laden or unladen and not drawing, any sum not exceeding One Penny. For every Horse Mule Ass Ox or other Beast drawing Cart Waggon or other Carriage any sum not exceeding Sixpence.

'Accounts are sent to regular users, but I have to arrange for tolls to be collected from casual passers-by, so I am not likely to make a fortune out of it. But I do enjoy the privilege of quietness in the old house where I do some of my writing. The deed stipulates that the road must not be used for carriages drawn or propelled by steam, mechanical, or other artificial power.

'What happens if a user of my road refuses to pay toll? My title deed, which gives me "dominion" over the road, specifically gives me the right to "seize and detain the horse, or other beast, cart, and so on and keep until such toll is paid and all expenses attending such seizure", and if not paid within three days I can "dispose of it and out of the proceeds of such sale pay toll and expenses".'

ARE YORKSHIREMEN HARD-HEADED?

'I am a housewife', said LORNA SHIELDS in the North of England Home Service, 'so my knowledge of businessmen is confined to those with whom I have dealings in the house; but I have no doubt they are typical of the race. Let us see what kind of hard bargains Yorkshiremen drive, how hard-headed they are. I want the sitting-room floor rubbed down and stained. "Cost you pounds", says the decorator. "Why pay out good money when you can do it yourself?" I call in a builder to mend the kitchen fireplace. "Your husband can do that", he says heartily. "Why pay me? I'll tell you the stuff to get, and show you how to use it". "Best eggs are six shillings a dozen", says the grocer. "Do you really want a dozen?" Hard-headed? They are so soft-hearted, they would ruin themselves'.



The Jabberwock, an illustration by Mervyn Peake to *Alice Through the Looking Glass*: "... with its head He went galumphing back"

From the new edition published by Allan Wingate

What Christmas Means

By the Rev. T. RALPH MORTON

ADVENT leads up to Christmas. It ends with Christmas. It speaks to us of the beginning and the end: of glory and judgement. It helps us fully to understand what Christmas means. We have made Christmas our own—the great human festival. We have made it our own with our own festivities, with our Christmas cards, and all our human symbols of goodwill. It is good to be reminded that it was God's action that made it a human festival.

Born Among Men

The wonder of Christmas is that God came into human life, that He was born among men. There is glory for us in that: the highest glory, for glory means the appearing of God to men on earth. There is judgement for us in it too, in all the circumstances of His coming: in the birth in a stable for Him for whom there was no room at the inn: judgement in the things that God did not need for His Son but that we need for ourselves, comfort and security and a place of our own—these He could do without; and judgement in the things He needed for His Son, the love of Mary, the care of Joseph, the comfort of the welcome that unknown men gave—these He could not do without.

But Advent means something, even Christmas has a meaning, only if we can believe that God comes to us now, at this very time, in our own ordinary lives. That is the primary question for all of us. If we cannot believe that, all talk of glory and of judgement means nothing at all, and Christmas is only a picture of what life might be but is not. We admit that if God comes His coming must be in glory and in judgement. But does He come? How do we know? If we could only be convinced, we could recognise the ways of His coming. But life does not work that way. It is only as we recognise the ways of His coming that we are convinced.

It helps us if we think of those who first welcomed Christ's coming: the shepherds, the wise men, the devout. They were not really in the way of knowing any more than we are. I do not know that they could have said why they recognised Him. They never received any definite teaching, as the disciples later did. Nobody told them about the Gift of Jesus. But somehow they were prepared to recognise His coming. They were very different types—those shepherds on the cold hillside, the wise men travelling from far across the desert, these devout men and women praying in the Temple. They were different in background of their lives, different in their way of life, different in the things they talked about and thought about, but they were alike in having some kind of a hope for the world and in being able to see the meaning of that hope in terms of the things they were themselves doing.

A Glory in the Heavens

The shepherds: they were very ordinary men, forced by necessity to work at night. Life for them must have been pretty grim. While others were warm in their beds they were out on the cold hillside. They must have grumbled at their lot. And if their talk ranged from their own grumbles to the affairs of their country, it must have been in words of fear and of hopelessness, for they were an oppressed people in an occupied country with little left to lose. Yet they, of all men, saw a glory in the heavens. They heard the angels sing. They alone saw the glory and heard the singing for they alone were at work. The wise men: we sometimes call them kings, sometimes magicians. Whatever we call them they were the scientists of their day. They were studying the heavens, seeking some new secret in knowledge, and they were willing to travel far in their search. In that search they were prepared to follow and to find. They alone had gifts to bring. The devout in the Temple, giving their days to worship, to the study of the Scriptures and to prayer. We might have expected that they would have had gifts to bring. But they were the last and they had no gifts. They did not have to seek. Jesus was right within in the Temple. But they alone received Jesus into their arms. In a unique way Jesus was given to them.

They all—shepherds, wise men, devout—recognised God's coming because they all had hope. It was not an easy time for men to have

hope at all. The shepherds had little to hope for. The wise men would have found a much easier wisdom in despair, in bewailing the fate of the world. The devout—perhaps of them all it was hardest for them. They knew that they belonged to an age that was passing. Their Temple would be destroyed and they knew it. We would not have been surprised to find them regretting the good old days. Probably they were all hoping for the wrong things. The shepherds probably hoped for a national revival brought about by rebellion and war. The wise men were foreigners and talked of hope in terms that neither the shepherds nor the devout would understand. The devout were looking for a king but their reading of the Scriptures would not be preparing them to see a baby in a manger. Their hopes were all inadequate but they had hope. And God could answer their hopes even though they were mistaken. God could speak to them through their hopes. Because they could see the meaning of their hopes in terms of their own lives, in the things they were doing—the shepherds in their work, the wise men in their science, the devout in their prayers. The only reason why they were able to recognise that God had come into the world in this special way in a child laid in a manger was that in their own lives they were expecting God. If we do not have something of the passionate, or even desperate, hope for the world and if we are not prepared to see that it means something in our own lives, we shall not see His coming at all.

Three Sets of People

These three sets of people were distinct groups and probably they never met—the shepherds, the wise men who spoke a foreign language, and the devout. But they were all there to welcome Jesus. And they are all needed if we would recognise God's coming today in this world. We should not separate ourselves into church groups and think that we alone can see His coming. We should remember the devout were the last and not the first to welcome Jesus, that we can recognise Him if we are willing to receive Him into our lives. We have not the excitement of travelling or seeking. We do not need the singing of the angels, for Jesus has been God to us all our lives in our homes and in the Church. But we can recognise Him only as we are willing to receive Him into our lives. The wise men were not of the race of Israel but they too were seeking, as our men of science are seeking. The shepherds were not romantic figures: they were ordinary men at their ordinary work. They were the first to come. We shall not recognise God's coming unless the workers and the scientists come with their hopes. The workers, the scientists, and the religious are in our world today. They have their hopes, and through their hopes, their inadequate hopes, God can speak to our world. Without their hopes He cannot be heard.

These three types meet also in each one of us. We are all shepherds: we all have our work to do. We all have some skill—or work or hobby—in which we are wise. And most of those listening to this talk belong to the Church: they are the devout. And each of us is all three in one. We must not separate our lives if we are to see God's coming. We do not see His coming if we think of Him only in terms of our religious lives or of our private lives. We have to see His coming in terms of our working lives. Not till the song of the angels is heard in the noise of our machinery shall we know the glory of Christmas and hear its message of peace to men. Only when we can use our science in the pursuit of truth shall we have the gifts to bring to the Prince of Peace. When we as individuals and in our social groups are so united in seeking to serve the hope we acknowledge, when the work of our hands, the delight of our minds and the desires of our hearts are one, then indeed we shall recognise the signs of His coming. Then indeed we shall know and rejoice that Christmas really happened and that God is with us.—*General Overseas Service*

Among recent books are: *The English Lakes*, by Frank Singleton (Batsford, 18s.); *The Season of the Year*, by John Moore (Collins, 15s.), and *The Gardener's Album*, edited by Miles Hadfield (Hulton Press, 25s.).

Calais Prisoner, 1940

The first of two talks by ADRIAN VINCENT

ALTHOUGH we had known for two days there was going to be no escape from Calais, I do not think that any of us gave up the hope that we would be taken out at the last moment. It was not until the end was near that we saw that those hopes were unfounded, and that we were stuck with it—the burning town, the almost non-stop dive bombing from the Stukas, the tanks already coming through the town, and the empty sea behind. We knew then that the best we could hope for was being taken prisoner.

Every Man for Himself

During the last few hours it soon became a case of every man for himself. Somehow or other I landed up on the railway station. Here I found a number of British troops. They were more interested in finishing off the wine in the bar than in the shells falling round the station. Unfortunately, by the time I arrived, most of the wine had gone. With the wine gone, there seemed no point in staying, so I made my way to a nearby fort, on the coast. Here I found a couple of my officers and a number of men from my own regiment. In no time at all we were surrounded on all sides. To make matters worse, the only way we could defend the fort was by getting out of it and taking positions on a high bank in front of it. This left us open to the enemy's fire. On that bank we made a futile attempt at a last stand. As we could not see the enemy, and he could see us, the situation soon became hopeless. Much to our relief, the officer decided to surrender. We hoisted a white flag, and a few minutes later we were advancing towards the Germans, with our hands in the air. I don't think I had any precise feelings at that moment. Anyway, I was not dead.

The whole thing had not been long; only five days. The surprising fact was that it had lasted as long as that. About 4,000 of us had managed to hold the town against two Panzer divisions who had skirmished in and around Calais for days before deciding to come in for the final blow. I do not mention this as a heroic fact, but rather to point out that the German Intelligence must have been pretty poor. This in itself was surprising, as the whole town was riddled with Fifth Columnists, who had also played an active part in sniping at the British troops. When they had searched us for weapons, they took us to a large field where there were already a lot of prisoners sitting on the grass. They looked frightened and miserable, like us. No sooner had we arrived than the British Navy came on the scene and began shelling the town. No one was very excited by that. But we were rather frightened they might shorten the range and drop shells in the field where we were. We sat there for a long time, waiting for something to happen, but nothing did, except that more prisoners joined us as the hours went by.

Late that afternoon, one of our officers came over and told us that he had a message for us all from the Kommandant. The Kommandant stood close behind him, smiling pleasantly, revealing a rather fine set of gold teeth. We glowered back at the Kommandant and made no movement to get up. The officer then launched on his speech on behalf of the Kommandant, which, as it turned out, was a complimentary and gracious one of the 'valiant foes' and 'magnificent defence' variety. After it was over, the British officer and the Kommandant shook hands. It was rather silly of us, I suppose, but we did rather perk up at this speech. For one thing, it did make us look at the business of being a prisoner of war in a different light. It made it rather more as if we were in a defeated cricket team, hearing the cries of 'Bad luck, sir!' before going in for tea and crumpets. After that there was more waiting. The sun went down, a faint breeze sprang up, and depression settled on us again. As we sat there puffing at our cigarettes, we watched our officers, who stood in a rather self-conscious group, slightly apart from us. I have no doubt in a way they felt even worse than we did, probably thinking we were blaming them for getting us into this hole. I am sorry to say (very unfairly) most of us did.

The Navy stopped shelling just before we were given the order to move. We got to our feet and straggled out into the road, where we were given the order to march. Going through the town of Calais was

a humiliating experience. As we began to march through the streets, people came out from their houses and shops and stood watching us. Not one of them spoke or even smiled. That was the first time I had the feeling that was to become common: the feeling that one was no longer looked upon as a human being with a life of his own, but merely as something abstract; only a British, French, or Russian prisoner—just a prisoner. If a uniform makes one anonymous, being a prisoner carries it a stage further. You are not really anybody at all.

On the outskirts of the town we began to come across the bodies of our troops who had fought the rearguard action. We all marched past one man who was still alive, his leg shattered from the knee downwards. His cries for help were ignored by the German guards, who passed him as if he was not there.

We were very tired that evening as we walked along the quiet, country roads. No one spoke much, except a British sergeant who was talking all the time, busily giving us instructions how to escape and link up with the British forces when they crossed our path. He was quite sure about this. We marched until it was dark. And then, suddenly, a halt was called outside a church. A few seconds later we were pushed in among the graves and told that this was our resting-place for the night. I lay down on a tombstone, and I was asleep in a matter of seconds.

The next day we had a new set of guards. They were members of the Death's Head Panzer Corps, with a silver skull on their tunics and caps. As soon as they took over, we knew that the make-believe that had been enacted between the German Kommandant and our own officers at Calais was over. Maybe it was because we were all a little cowed by the events of the last few days, but most of them seemed great hulking fellows, very impressive in their jack-boots and black uniforms. They were swaggering, arrogant, and flamboyant. There was also something else about them we did not like. Nearly all of them were carrying rubber truncheons. If they were not in hand they were tucked into boot tops. These truncheons were used on us on the slightest pretext. If a man wandered slightly out of the column, stumbled, or was not moving fast enough, one of the Panzer troopers would be on him, belting him around the head with a fine disregard for his skull. Most of the time they set us a fast pace along the roads, and it was not easy for us to keep up. We had scarcely had time to eat at Calais, and we had certainly not eaten since we had been captured. That was over twenty-four hours ago. What was more, we saw little chance of getting fed in the near future, with the Panzer boys in charge.

Guards' Delight

Those in the rear of the column—my usual place—were particularly unfortunate. It was more dangerous there; there were not a lot of men to hide among. Consequently, whenever the guards in the rear started on us, we would set the whole column into a panic. With someone laying into you with all his might, there was only one thing to do: try to push through the others in front of you. As soon as we tried to go forward, those in front would also begin to run, rather than be caught up in the trouble behind them. This running spread through the whole column, until, in the end, we were all running and stumbling along the road as fast as our legs could carry us. By that time the other guards had also joined playfully in the sport and were helping us along with their truncheons.

It was not long before they thought up another delightful pastime. At both front and rear of the column was a truck with a machine-gun on it. Both these guns pointed over our heads, ready to catch us in a fore and aft fire if necessary. Whenever he felt like it the gunner at the front of the column would let fly across our heads. As we dived to the ground, the truck in the rear would immediately begin to accelerate, with the result that we had to spring to our feet again and run like mad to get out of the way. The Panzer boys thought this a huge joke, and repeated it frequently. To add to our troubles, we had visits from high-spirited Luftwaffe pilots, who swooped low over the column,

(continued on page 1120)

Honouring a Prophet

JOHN RUSSELL on the centenary exhibition of Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891) in Paris

THERE is nothing in England quite comparable to the exhibitions with which the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris has evoked, in recent years, the shades of Balzac, Huysmans, Zola, and Mérimée. They are not bibliographical exhibitions, though rare editions and manuscripts play an important part in them. They are not art exhibitions, though great paintings and world-famous tapestries sometimes happen to be included. Nor are they a jumble of souvenirs, though no detail is held to be too trivial when it is a question of introducing the visitor to Zola's workroom or the *grenier des Goncourts*.

The exhibitions are biographical in design. Some authors, of course, lend themselves better than others to this documentary approach. This winter it is Rimbaud's turn; and he, on this level, is one of the least accessible of authors. (A gallant attempt was recently made, none the less, by the Institut Français in London.) Unlike most nineteenth-century French writers, he was never anchored to life by a vast collection of friends, associates, enemies, and miscellaneous possessions. His 'career' was one of the briefest in the history of poetry; and although we have now a considerable knowledge of many periods in his life, this knowledge rarely lends itself to that accumulation of palpable detail which made the Zola and Mérimée exhibitions so memorable. The association of Rimbaud with official literary life has, indeed, an element of the absurd; and it is possible to sympathise with M. Paul Claudel, who wrote to the centenary committee that any conventional celebrations, with 'brass bands, firemen, speeches, recitations, formal banquets, and the re-naming of streets', seemed to him ridiculous and out of place. (Henry Miller wrote in less lofty strain: 'I'd like to come, but I'm broke'.)

As it turns out, however, M. Claudel's fears are not realised in the present exhibition. (What went on at Charleville may well have been a different matter.) Its organiser, Madame Briet, has been wonderfully successful in making a coherent picture of one of the most extraordinary of human lives, from a most heterogeneous collection of books, pictures, photographs, letters, manuscripts, maps, guns, tassels, lances, and Abyssinian coins. It is in points of detail that the exhibition strikes home. Schoolmasters, for instance, are so often abused that it is good to be reminded that Rimbaud's head-master at Charleville said of him when he was fifteen that 'nothing banal comes out of his mind. He will be a genius—either of good or of evil'. Rimbaud's own drawings, destructive summaries in which both Guys and Daumier might seem to have taken a hand, are very well repre-

sented; and Manet's pastel sketch of Rimbaud (a faceless figure in khaki trews) says more than many a finished painting. In recent years the graphological elements in Rimbaud studies has assumed so great an importance that it is fascinating to see some of the documents on which M. de Bouillane de Lacoste has based his speculations. And, although Madame Briet keeps us at a respectable

distance from the detail of Rimbaud's vagabondage, there are glimpses of a vanished Europe that reveal to us the source of more than one famous image. (In this connection more might have been made of Rimbaud's English enthusiasms—the 'circular façades', for instance, of the big hotels at Scarborough, the mammoth caverns of the London railway terminals, and the picture-gallery at Hampton Court.)

But of Rimbaud's life in Europe there exists already an inspired paraphrase in his work; his life in Africa is more elusive, and here the

exhibition scores with its large and sombre collection of documents and souvenirs. Where the European sections relate mainly to the disquieted April of his life, we turn in Africa to its dark November, when Rimbaud was struggling in a variety of incongruous ways to reintegrate himself into ordinary life. Surprisingly purposeful in such matters (some time before, he had set himself to master English, German, Spanish, Arabic, Italian, Modern Greek, and Dutch), he sent for the newest manuals on the crafts of the glazier, tanner, mason, wheelwright, miner, carpenter, tilemaker, telegraphist, house-painter, astronomer, navigator, road-maker, and business economist. Few things in the exhibition are more moving than this grotesque demonstration of his will to survive.

From this point onwards, it is difficult for the critical editions and the improbable translations to keep our interest at the same high point of tension. Nor, I must admit, is there much that is worthy of the subject in the paintings to which Rimbaud and his work have given rise: the pretty boy who maunders through so many of them would never have got far with *Un Saison en Enfer*. In this effete company Fantin-Latour's straightforward portrait looks like a Rembrandt; and, among the other acts of homage here recorded, Mr. Britten's setting of *Les Illuminations* has no rival. It alone has the nervous urgency, the sense of risk, the throwing-open of a window upon the unknown, that the occasion requires. When the high voice first enters with '*J'ai seul la clef de cette parade*' it is easy to remember the prophetic Latin verses ('*Tu vates eris . . .*') which were sent to Rimbaud some ninety years ago.

The English visitor to the Bibliothèque Nationale must wonder if something equally exciting, varied, and ingenious could not be done with our own writers. Could not the British Museum brave precedent—and not necessarily with such people as Conrad, Dickens, or Byron, but with the lesser originals who abound in English literature: Norman Douglas, or Doughty, or Beddoes? Much could be done on these lines.



Rimbaud in 1875, by Ernest Delahaye



Rimbaud a few days before his death: a drawing by Isabelle Rimbaud

With Sickert at Dieppe

By HUBERT WELLINGTON

IN the summer of 1906 I received a letter from my friend Spencer Gore saying 'Why not come over to Dieppe for six weeks' painting? Walter Sickert is here now, and I can find you rooms quite near to us'. I had known Gore at the Slade School in 1900, and we shared a great admiration for Wilson Steer's work and for impressionism generally. I had married soon after leaving the Slade and was teaching at Stafford, painting in my spare time. Gore had stayed with us in the previous summer, painting landscapes which already showed a subtle personal sense of colour: he was then twenty-seven, like myself. To join him in France and to meet Sickert was a double and irresistible attraction.

As a youngster in the eighteen-nineties I had been fascinated by the outstanding figure of the young Sickert—the pupil and friend of Whistler; the Sickert who had contributed to the *Yellow Book* with Max Beerbohm and Wilson Steer; and Sickert the challenging and independent artist in the early days of the New English Art Club, the leader of the London Impressionists Group. But in 1897 he lost a famous lawsuit which severed his connection with Whistler, and this was followed two years later by divorce from his first wife. After these two blows Sickert left England; he made Dieppe his headquarters and worked in Paris; and made long visits to Venice. So London saw nothing of him for six years. The memory of him in Chelsea became dim. Then in 1905 the word went round, 'Walter has come back to London'. There was considerable stir, and perhaps some anxiety among old colleagues at the reappearance of this brilliant *enfant terrible* of the 'nineties—a fresh Sickert now aged forty-five, but still brimming over with life.

Young painters among my friends just emerging from the Slade were inquisitive, and some were enthusiastic, about Sickert and possible fresh developments from impressionism. Sickert met Gore in London and responded at once to his intelligence and sensitive talent. He invited him in this summer of 1906 to occupy his house at Neuville on the outskirts of Dieppe, where he joined him later. It marked a turning-point in both their careers. For Sickert it was the end of his voluntary exile, and the resumption of life and leadership in England.

So I was full of anticipation when I crossed to Dieppe one night in July. At four in the morning I found Gore waiting to guide me across the bridges to my small hotel, Chez Toutain, in the fishermen's quarter of Le Pollet. The harbour in darkness and the arcaded houses on the quays were most exciting. I recalled these impressions later, when Sickert described to me his own feelings as he saw the packing case containing Whistler's 'Portrait of his Mother' swinging from a crane over the harbour high against a night sky. He had been charged by the 'Master' with the picture's safe convoy to the Paris Salon of 1883.

I was invited to lunch at Neuville the next day, the first of many meetings with Sickert. The house was an ordinary French villa set back from the main road, with bare scrubbed tables and simple furniture. But the conversation was incomparable in first-hand reminiscences of French and English artists. Sickert, at forty-six, was a tall, clean-shaven, rather burly man. His brown hair was still abundant and wavy. He moved in a leisurely fashion, but was immensely vivacious. Under bushy eyebrows his eyes watched one with the keen, quizzical look of the constant observer. His mouth, held rather tightly at the corners, was

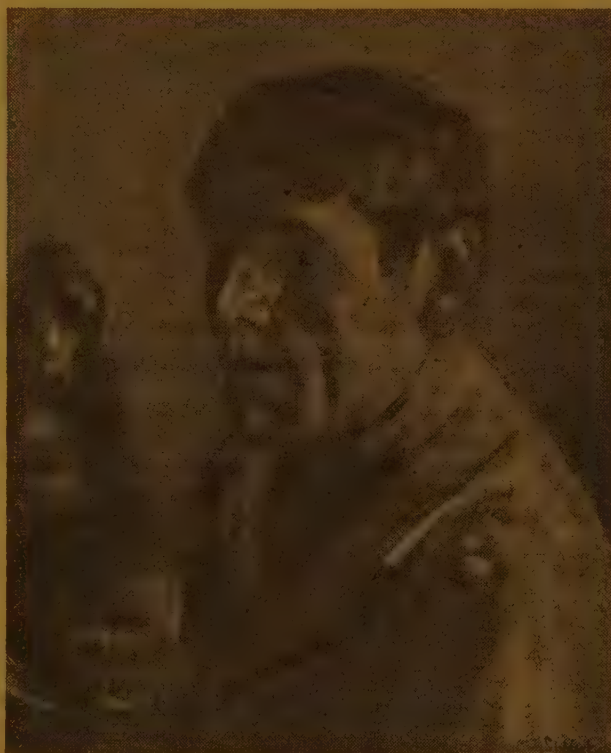
always ready to turn from a slightly ironical smile to a whole-hearted guffaw; this laugh remained his unmistakable mark, however, later, he was disguised by beards. Altogether a striking, friendly figure, though provocative and even potentially mischievous.

I saw little of other artists, or of their social life which had been so attractive at Dieppe in the 'nineties. Jacques-Emile Blanche had moved into the country at Offranville, and other old friends had dispersed. Sickert, Gore, and I would each go off to paint alone during the days, but met most evenings at Sickert's house to talk over coffee. For me the most fascinating room at Neuville was the attic, used as a workroom and as a store for pictures. Here were canvases in progress, others stood against the walls, with stacks of small panels and some of the sketches made night after night at music-halls, in small cheap laundry books. I was struck by a charming study of a half-length nude figure, painted by Sickert's father; he had been a student of Couture in Paris, and 'knew everybody'. Even more remarkable was a portrait, also by his father, of his grandfather painting out of doors in a tall, stove-pipe hat. He was said to have gone sketching with Corot.

So here was the line of descent, and the milieu, from which Walter Sickert, the painter, *l'homme de métier*, had emerged. Not that any methods or mannerisms were noticeably inherited by Walter, but these works gave a key to the theme that was constant in nearly all Sickert's talk to us—the importance of the tradition of oil painting, handed on by one artist to his fellows, each of whom would make his own variations according to his own vision of life. I remember Sickert repeating dogmatically: 'All good modern painting derives from France'. I find this sentence in my notes written at the time: 'To draw and model a head, to construct it, in three or four mixed tones of simple colours—this, at least in a first stage, is the foundation which underlies the practice of *la bonne peinture* in the French tradition; Nicolas Poussin is the great master, the

link between past and present'. 'The men of 1830 did this', he would say, 'Ingres as well as Géricault and Delacroix; Couture handed it on to Millet, and so to Courbet and the rest'.

I suppose Gore and I were eager to hear more of the latest French artists. In England the work of the original group of Impressionists was pretty well known, and in 1905 there had been a superb show at the Grafton Galleries arranged by Durand-Ruel, the earliest dealer to support their pictures. But we in London still had to wait for Gauguin and Van Gogh until Roger Fry's exhibition in 1910. Sickert praised Gauguin warmly for his large design, his rich colour and sense of pigment, which, he pointed out, came from the traditional French craftsmanship which underlay the South Sea subjects. He told us of his first meeting with Gauguin; a friend asked him to look at some paintings by a stockbroker who had been working under Pissarro on Sundays, and now wanted to throw up business. Sickert agreed that the studies showed talent, but he thought at the time that this powerful amateur from the Bourse would be rash to throw up his job. Gauguin had died in 1903 and we knew that there was to be a big retrospective exhibition of his paintings in Paris at the coming Salon d'Automne. Gore intended to see this before returning to England (he did, and was greatly impressed). 'By all means', said Sickert, 'see the Gauguin show, but it would be even more worth-while to run up to Paris for the day to see a picture by Jean François Millet'. I do not remember



Self-portrait by Sickert (Venice, 1903)

hearing Van Gogh's name mentioned. Sickert later admired his intense vision of the world but he disliked the violence done to the precious qualities of oil paint in Van Gogh's furious impasto.

We did not hear a great deal of Whistler: I fancy that close acquaintance with Degas had cooled Sickert's earlier admiration for his first master's work, or at least had made him more conscious of weaknesses. Sickert still spoke lovingly of Whistler's small paintings for their complete unity and exquisite quality of liquid paint—and of such masterpieces as 'Rosa Corder' and the 'Piano Picture', but he recalled the great struggles with other big full-length portraits, which were often destroyed in the end. He thought there was an excessive dose of taste in Whistler, a preference for tall, elegant women which became a prejudice. I remember one Whistler remark which Sickert considered a heart-felt confession: 'Our only enemy is funk'. Bright comments made by Whistler were scattered about; this, for example, on Sir John Millais: 'Oh yes, very nice, he paints a face, puts a strawberry or so here, a bit of lemon peel on the cheek, a bit of sky there, and a nice little chunk of grass by the mouth'. But Sickert had a shrewd critical admiration for Sir John Millais' genuine gifts, so often overlaid in prosperous later years. Indeed, Sickert loved the unexpected comment; he delighted to find good qualities in unknown painters, or scandalously successful academic artists, whom his listeners might expect him to detest—for example, Frith and Sir John Gilbert; and he once avowed that Poynter's lectures to students at the Royal Academy had become one of his bedside books. One had to be always on the alert for traps and mischievous exaggerations; but in his most provocative challenges and extravaganzas there lurked a germ of truth.

From Whistler came his principle of drawing quickly from the centre outwards, from the original focus of interest, with no *arrière pensée*. There must be no measurements, no fixed points in drawing—that would be like putting a baby in Bessemer steel breeches'. A drawing must expand freely, guided by a constant comparison of angles. 'No doubt', he said, 'errors of proportion may come as it grows farther from the focal point; but never mind, this coefficient of error is natural and essential in a living growth. We want a live baby rather than a doll'.

The stream of anecdotes that flowed through Sickert's talk were



'Café des Tribuneaux, Dieppe', by Walter Sickert (c. 1900)

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

largely concerned with the great French Impressionists, and especially with Degas. Fortunately many of these have been preserved in Sickert's writings. I remember some comments on Manet: 'Of course I adore Manet's paintings, but one loves Manet as one may love a cocotte: there is not much to learn from him. Manet was no martyr for truth to nature and what was before his eyes. In that lovely portrait of Berthe Morisot sitting on a couch, he painted the white dress with spots from a red frock'.

These evidences of personal contacts with the great ones, which Sickert threw off so naturally, had the effect of drawing us into these magic groups of the masters. He was generous with the young of his time, and was in no way stand-offish. He treated us as younger brothers in the craft. I noted his saying: 'Young men have probably greater

talent than they know; if only they would trust themselves to that and let it develop naturally. But they will pride themselves on their knowledge, of which they have none. Judgement is impossible for young men'. And there was his ironic warning on the right hour of the day, and subjects that offer themselves only once: 'Never miss an assignation with nature'.

In this stimulating atmosphere Gore's talents ripened astonishingly. His gentle, luminous painting became more luminous, more positive and confident. Hitherto his landscapes had been painted on the spot, in the open air. He learned from Sickert the value of working from small, well-documented drawings, to be squared up and then transferred to the canvas, to be painted with deliberation in the less disturbing light of the studio.

As for Sickert, his praise for the virtues of tradition in painting did not hinder his own freedom and growth. He was always a realist in the sense that all his subjects came from people and places round him; a visual, not an imaginative approach. I was painting the wide expanse of



'Dieppe Harbour', by Hubert Wellington (1906)

harbour and town from Le Pollet cliff; and a large clump of telegraph poles reared itself in the foreground, obscuring very attractive details. Sickert commented: 'Paint them—if the subject arrested you, just at that spot, paint it so; don't omit characteristics'. He was right: one remembers his masterly use of accidental objects—iron bedsteads, railings, mirrors, and what-nots. For him the natural world must be transposed in paint, expressed in the very act of painting, in his own personal style. He once remarked to Clive Bell: 'After all one's pictures are one's own, like one's toe-nails'. Sickert, I think, was aware of his limitations, but his chief concern was, quite properly, to protect and develop his positive qualities. But he always acknowledged that his own practice was transformed at this time by contact with Gore's. He began to explore variations of colour in shadows, and brightened the whole range of colour and key of his pictures. It was a rare instance of an artist of established reputation who was refreshed by a younger man, and able to learn from him. This association of Gore with Sickert resulted, when they returned to London, in the formation of groups, like the Camden Town Group and later the London Group, and in Sickert's teaching, which, together with his writings, have made him so great an influence in England over the past fifty years. But those days, and the later life of Walter Sickert, to be known as Richard Sickert, R.A., are not my province now.

Life in Dieppe was a vital part of Sickert's destiny for thirty years. From the late 'eighties, even when a Londoner, he was rarely without

a house or rooms in Dieppe. 'Monsieur Sickère' was a familiar figure, and to walk through the streets with him, or to buy at the fishmarket, was an education in Le Pollet slang and repartee. It was a delightful inspiration therefore to hold a joint exhibition this year at the Castle Museum of works by Walter Sickert of London and Jacques-Emile Blanche of Paris, both Dieppois by adoption. It was at the Blanchés' house, below the castle, that Degas did a famous pastel in which both these artists appeared as subjects, with Ludovic Halévy, and others. It was Blanche who introduced Sickert to the Bernheim Frères, his dealers in Paris; it was Sickert who had introduced Blanche to the New English Art Club, and to Whistler. The Sickerts were mostly of the early low-toned period from 1890 to 1905, but at least one sketch at Envermeu, and therefore later than 1911, showed clearly the transition to the key of Gore's landscapes.

It is impossible to say much now in detail of the works by Jacques-Emile Blanche. They were mostly portraits of sitters themselves illustrative, like André Gide, Debussy, François Mauriac, Cocteau, and they included studies of Sickert sitting at table talking with his mother, and of George Moore.

The houses of Blanche and of Halévy, into which one could once have dropped a pebble from the castle, have now vanished utterly by bombardment and rebuilding. But a visit to this exhibition was an astonishing evocation of that memorable period when French and English artists were so happily linked at Dieppe.—*Third Programme*

Have the Continents Drifted?

P. M. S. BLACKETT on the magnetism of rocks

IT has been known since the days of William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth I, that the earth acts as if there were a big magnet at its centre. It is the magnetic force exerted by this central magnet that causes a compass needle to point nearly to the geographic north, and so allow mariners to use a compass to navigate by. Actually, a compass does not point quite north but makes a certain angle, called the declination, with the true north. This declination varies from place to place on the earth but, except near the poles, it does not exceed some twenty degrees or so east or west of north.

At any one place the declination varies slowly as the years go by. In Elizabethan England the compass pointed six degrees east of north, in 1800 it pointed twenty-four degrees west, and now it points eleven degrees west. In the last 400 years the average direction has been nearly true north. Actually, a perfectly balanced compass needle not only points nearly north but dips downwards in the northern hemisphere and upwards in the southern hemisphere. This angle of dip also varies from place to place and, moreover, it changes with time. However, the average direction is nearly that expected for a magnet at the centre of the earth.

These magnetic properties of the earth are not only of vital practical importance to seamen, airmen, and surveyors, but are of extreme scientific interest. In spite of many profound researches we do not today have a complete explanation of why the earth is a magnet at all. The most likely theory is that some very complicated kind of electric dynamo exists in the liquid central core of the earth, driven essentially by the rotation of the earth and by heat generated by the radioactivity of the material of the core. One of the difficulties in making a theory of the origin of the earth's magnetic field is that we have records of the declination and dip of the compass only for the last 500 years. As the earth is several thousand million years old, this is only a minute fraction of its age. At first sight it would seem that we could never know what the earth's magnetic field was like before the invention by man of the compass. But, unexpectedly, this is not so. For it is found that certain types of rocks possess the property of recording the direction of the earth's magnetic field when they were formed. In this way it seems likely that we can hope in the future to be able to trace the history of the magnetic field back to at least 500,000,000 years.

There are two main ways in which a rock gets magnetised, depending on the kind of rock. When a volcano erupts, streams of molten lava pour out of the vent and often flow over the neighbouring countryside.

As the lava cools it solidifies into what, after its origin in the fiery centre of a volcano, is called an igneous rock. During the cooling process the rocks become magnetised in the direction of the local earth's magnetic field at the time. So if we now detach a piece of the rock and measure the direction of its magnetism in the laboratory, we can deduce the direction of the earth's field when the rock was cooling.

Many of the earth's rocks are formed by the gradual deposition of sand, silt, and mud at the bottom of shallow rivers, lakes, and seas. When these materials become compressed they consolidate to form sedimentary rocks, such as sandstone and shales. Many of these sedimentary rocks, especially the red sandstones that are so common a feature of many parts of England (Chester Cathedral is built of it), are also found to be weakly, but definitely, magnetic, and there is good reason in many cases to assume that the direction of their magnetism records roughly the direction of the earth's field when the rocks were consolidated.

Thus we see that both igneous and sedimentary rocks provide us with a method of finding the history of the earth's magnetic field over hundreds of millions of years. The magnetic study of these rocks is only in its infancy but it has already yielded exciting and unexpected results. Briefly we can say that geologically recent rocks, say rocks less than 1,000,000 years old, show that the earth's field during this long stretch of time was roughly in the same direction as it has been during our historical epoch.

On the other hand, many older rocks are magnetised in the direction nearly opposite to the present magnetic field. Striking examples of such reverse magnetisation are found in some of the igneous rocks of South Africa and in the igneous dykes of northern England studied by Bruckshaw of Imperial College. Recently, detailed studies of the Iceland lavas have been made by Hospers in Cambridge and of those of central France by Roche. In both these latter cases, about half the lava flows are magnetised in the direction of the earth's field today, and about half in just the opposite direction. The most obvious explanation of these discoveries is that the earth's magnetic field has reversed itself periodically. Hospers has deduced that in the last 50,000,000 years or so the earth's field has reversed about every 1,000,000 years.

Rather similar results have been found by Clegg and his co-workers for the new, red sandstones of England: these are some 170,000,000 years old, and about half the samples so far investigated are magnetised normally and about half are reversely magnetised. On the other hand, some still earlier rocks, such as the old red sandstones studied by the

group at Cambridge under Runcorn, have been found to show reversed magnetisation only. Again much the most obvious explanation of the findings is that the earth's magnetic field has reversed at rather irregular intervals in the past.

There are, however, some geophysicists who are not yet convinced that the evidence for the reversal of the earth's field is quite conclusive. One of the pioneers of this work, Graham of Washington, found certain reversed rocks that he did not think could be explained by supposing that the earth's field had reversed. So he asked the French theorist, Neel of Grenoble, if he could think of any way in which a rock could become magnetised in the opposite direction to the earth's field. Neel suggested two principal types of possible mechanism which he thought might occur in nature. A year later Nagata, in Tokyo, in fact found a rare volcanic rock which, when cooled in the laboratory, became reversely magnetised in one of the ways which had been predicted. Shortly afterwards, Gorter in Holland manufactured a substance that became magnetised reversely in the other way predicted.

Startling as was this quick verification of Neel's brilliant theories, it seems certain that only a very small fraction of the rocks that are reversely magnetised in nature have become so by one or other of these two mechanisms. Either the earth's field has indeed been frequently reversed, or some obscure and more complicated physical mechanism, not covered by Neel's theories, must have operated. A lively scientific controversy is raging on this question. Probably the majority opinion is for a reversal of the earth's field. Personally, I feel this hypothesis is not yet fully proven. But I am fairly sure it will be settled one way or the other by experiment within the next few years.

I want now to leave this controversy about the mechanism of the magnetic reversal for another old controversy of a different kind, but one which it seems the study of rock magnetism may help to settle.

India Once Near the South Pole?

Have the continents drifted with respect to each other during geological history? Many, perhaps most, geologists do not think so. But some are firmly convinced that they have moved great distances. Three hundred years ago Francis Bacon noticed that the east coast of South America was very much the same shape as the west coast of Africa. A hundred years ago it was suggested that the two continents had formerly been one, but had now drifted some thousands of miles apart. Then, surprisingly similar rock formations have been found in such now widely separated areas as the south-west coast of Australia, India, Madagascar, South Africa, and the southern part of South America. These resemblances have led enthusiasts, particularly Wegener in Germany and Du Toit in South Africa, to suppose that all these lands were once grouped close together with Antarctica into one huge continent around the South Pole. To a physicist like myself the most cogent argument at present for the theory of Continental Drift is the evidence geologists have found that about 200,000,000 years ago both India and South Africa were thickly covered with ice. Moreover, the ancient Indian glaciers seem, from the scratches scored in the rocks by their movement, to have moved northwards, that is, away from the warm equatorial region and towards the colder regions, whereas one would expect just the opposite movements. If the geologists are right about this evidence, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that India, which is now north of the equator, was once near the South Pole.

This controversy has been raging for forty years and no agreement seems in sight. However, recently we have realised that it should be possible to settle many of the outstanding questions by measuring the magnetism of rocks of different ages from various parts of the world. You will remember that a rock formed north of the equator will have its magnetism directed north and downwards; or, if south of the equator, north and upwards. More exactly, the angle of dip of the magnetism of a rock can give us a measure of the latitude (but not the longitude) of the place where it was born: for instance, if formed in the equator, its magnetism will be horizontal; if formed at the Poles it will be vertical. This method of determining the latitude of a rock remains true even if the earth's field has reversed: the only hypothesis required to justify the method is the plausible one that the magnetic axis of the earth has not in the past deviated very much on the average from the geographical axis, that is, the axis about which the earth rotates.

Rock magnetism can also test another special hypothesis: this is that the continents have remained fixed relative to each other but that the earth's crust as a whole has shifted with relation to the

geographical axis of the earth. This is often called the hypothesis of Polar Wandering.

At the present moment measurements of the magnetism of rocks of various geological ages and from many countries are being carried out in many laboratories. It is too early to talk of definite results, but I think it highly probable that within a few years we shall know whether some of the major continental movements north and south postulated by the exponents of continental drift have taken place: in particular, for instance, whether India and South Africa were near the South Pole 200,000,000 years ago. One unexpected result has been found by Clegg in his study of the new, red sandstone of England. These rocks are found to be magnetised roughly along a line N.30° E. This is interpreted as indicating that the land mass which is now England has rotated 30° clockwise in the 170,000,000 years since these rocks were formed. Creer and Irving have extended this work to much older rocks, with similar but rather more complicated results. An intriguing question immediately arises. If England has so rotated, has the continent of Europe done so too? To settle this question some of my young colleagues made an expedition last autumn to collect rocks of similar age from Spain. When these are measured we should be able to settle the question one way or the other.—*Home Service*

Carol

Until I wander'd through the world
I did not know
That even in Bethlehem
Falls the white soft snow.

Then I did imagine how
A morning long ago
Reflected light from all the land
Flooded through the door

And lit the spidery rafters
Above the sleeping child
Whose eyes were lifted up to
A mother mild.

And such a radiance was around
On ass and munching cow
Some said because a child was born
And some because of snow.

HERBERT READ

Letter from Babylon

When I descend at Babylon
The shops lit by Christmas Trees
A beggar with accordion
Blind at those gates plays
A limpid see-saw upon rain
And baskets of children
Bonneted in rose and blue
Semi-circle above nurses
Watched by a shopping queue
And pigeons on orange boxes.
I never heard until now
Waters of such happiness.
Will it be the same for you?
A minute never weeps again.
So I send you these words
Draining the tree of resin
While shivering park birds
Look for a shelter of pine,
My ink blotted with rain.
The students in blue jeans,
Paper men, sidewalk music,
Women on Christmas errands
Sing and rush, till they click
Out of harmony, leave a stone
Prophet or dog on winter lawn.

RICHARD MURPHY

NEWS DIARY

December 15-20

Wednesday, December 15

Lower House of Federal German Parliament debates bills ratifying Paris agreements on German rearmament and the Saar

U.N. Political Committee adopts by 49 votes to none, with 11 abstentions, resolution deferring indefinitely further consideration of the Cyprus question

Submarine *Talent* swept out of dry dock at Chatham after collapse of caisson, and runs aground in Medway: four men killed

Thursday, December 16

Russia threatens to cancel her treaty of alliance with France if France ratifies the Paris agreements on German rearmament

Western Foreign Ministers, assembled in Paris for meeting of North Atlantic Council, hold preliminary meeting

Mr. Molotov says Russia is willing to discuss with Japan resumption of normal relations

Friday, December 17

North Atlantic Council meets in Paris. Ministers reach agreement on way Nato forces should plan to use nuclear weapons in war

Chinese Prime Minister agrees to meet the United Nations Secretary-General to discuss 'pertinent questions'

Regular service begins from B.B.C.'s new television transmitter in South Devon

Saturday, December 18

M. Mendès-France has discussions with Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Dulles in Paris over Indo-China and defence of south-east Asia

Rioting by students in Cyprus over *enosis* question: troops assist police to quell disorders

Sunday, December 19

Sir Anthony Eden returns to London at close of North Atlantic Council meetings

Forty-seven people arrested in Nicosia, Cyprus, in connection with riots. The Governor of Cyprus broadcasts to the people of the island

Five climbers killed on Ben Nevis

Monday, December 20

Parliamentary debate on Orders in Council for new electoral boundaries is postponed

A Soviet Note states that Russia will cancel the Anglo-Soviet treaty of 1942 if the Paris agreements are ratified

M. Mendès-France receives vote of confidence on Budget proposals for Indo-China

Commissioner of Police in Kenya resigns

Lord Reading states in Lords that there has been no change of policy on Formosa



A Christmas tree in Cathedral Square, Milan, a gift to the city from Denmark. At the base of the tree are Italian Red Cross collection boxes

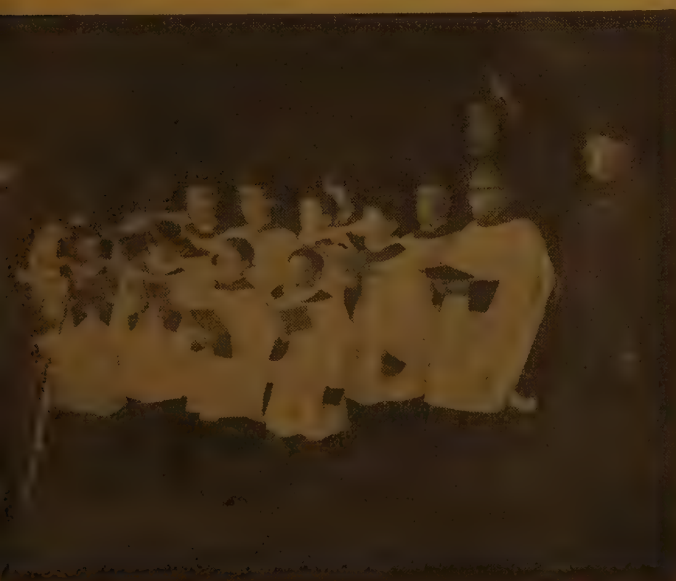


On December 16 the Elder Brethren of Trinity House gave a dinner to celebrate the eightieth birthday of Sir Winston Churchill who is one of their company. In the group are, front row, left to right: Lord Cunningham, Lord Templewood, Captain W. R. Chaplin, Sir Winston Churchill, The Master (The Duke of Gloucester), The Duke of Edinburgh, The Deputy Master (Captain Sir Gerald Curteis), Lord Monsell, Captain R. L. F. Hubbard. Back row: Captain R. J. Galpin, Captain C. G. H. Noakes, Lord Alexander of Tunis, Captain A. S. Mackay, Lord Mountbatten, Captain C. St. G. Glasson, Mr. Attlee, Captain T. L. Owen, Captain D. Dunn, Captain K. M. M. Drake, Captain G. P. McCraith



the two Christmas trees which the Queen has presented to St. Paul's Cathedral. The other tree is in the cathedral porch

choristers of the Chapel of the Tower of London singing by lantern-light last week



Christmas decorations in Regent Street, London



The 1st Battalion, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, which has returned from service in Korea, received an official welcome in Norwich on December 15. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edmund Bacon, H.M. Lieutenant of Norfolk, is seen taking the salute as the regiment marches to the cathedral. Left, background, is the Guildhall

Party Political Broadcast

The Conservative Party and National Insurance

By the Rt. Hon. OSBERT PEAKE, M.P., Minister of Pensions and National Insurance

I WANT to tell you a little this evening about my job. It is concerned with the whole range of benefits under our National Insurance schemes, such as retirement and old age pensions, benefits for industrial injury, for sickness, unemployment, for maternity, widowhood, and so on. My job is concerned also with pensions for the war disabled and war widows; and, indirectly, with the scales of assistance for persons in need provided by the National Assistance Board. In fact, it constitutes a very large part of what we call the Welfare State.

We're making some pretty extensive changes in all these things over the next few months; and they affect us all in one way or another. Nowadays nearly everybody contributes to the insurance schemes; and at any one moment about 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 people are drawing payments of benefit or pension of different kinds, from my department.

At the end of the war we fixed all these pensions and benefits—by general consent of all political parties—at rates which were thought to be fair and just. We all too, at that time, accepted the great ideal of the Beveridge plan. This was to make payments out of insurance funds earned by virtue of contributions which we all pay into those funds, the main provision for old age, or for misfortune, such as sickness, unemployment, or industrial injury.

We thought and believed that the British people preferred to get their benefits this way, rather than receive gifts or grants from the National Assistance Board; gifts which involve—and necessarily involve—inquiry into the means and resources of the applicant. I still believe that people like the insurance system, and dislike making application for assistance. And that is one reason for the proposals the Government has brought forward, and which passed the House of Commons on Tuesday night.*

As I have told you, all the rates were fixed in 1946. But five years later, by the time we Conservatives took over the Government, the rise in prices under socialism had knocked a lot of the value off benefits and pensions. And we found, in consequence of this, that more and more people were having to go to the Assistance Board. The number of people dependent on assistance actually doubled between 1948 and 1951; it rose from 1,000,000 to over 2,000,000 people. By October 1951, benefit which had been worth £1 in 1946 was only worth about 15s. Now socialist leaders and their followers have often said—and indeed it was a great feature of their propaganda at the time of the last election—that 'the Tories would slash the Social Services. 'Slash the Social Services'—a very odd statement coming from them, when you consider that all the weekly rates of benefit and pension lost 1s. or more for each year the Labour Government stayed in office.

During those five years none of the main rates of benefit or pension were put up; but just as the election began in October 1951—and of course the socialist government chose the date for it—pensioners who had already passed sixty-five were given another 4s. a week. For anyone who hadn't reached pension age at that date, but attained it afterwards, the pension was left at the old 1946 figure of 26s. Benefits for the sick, the unemployed, and the victims of

industrial accident, were left untouched, and stayed at the rates fixed in 1946. So did the basic pension rates for the war pensioners.

Well, we won the election—in spite of this whispering campaign about what we would do to the Social Services; and I determined as soon as I was appointed Minister that I would try and see that before I left the Ministry all these people who had suffered so much loss and injustice should again get in money's worth what parliament had meant them to have at the end of the war. That seemed a fair and decent object at which to aim. Of course, it was inflation—which simply means rising prices and a falling value of money—which was playing havoc with these great schemes of social insurance.

But inflation had other evil effects as well; it made savings put aside for old age inadequate, and new saving was greatly discouraged when people realised that money was likely to buy less later on when they needed to spend it than it would if spent straight away. It was obvious that if we were to make insurance fulfil its purpose, and if we were to encourage a renewal of personal saving, we must check inflation and aim at a stable price level. Mr. Butler's efforts to achieve this purpose have met with most remarkable success.

But when we took office in October of 1951 our national finances were in pretty poor shape. All the same we were able to do something to redeem our election pledge to help the hardest cases first. In 1952 we increased all the main rates of insurance benefit and of war pension by about 25 per cent., or, say, a quarter all round. This did not by any means make good the loss of value which had occurred; it went about half-way. It is true, of course, that assistance scales for the growing numbers in need had been put up frequently to keep pace with rising prices. They had gone up in 1948, and again in 1950, and again in 1951. In June 1952 the largest increases ever made in the assistance scales took place; 5s. a week more for the single person; 9s. for the married couple. That has enabled us to claim, and claim with justice, that since 1952 persons in need have been better off in actual purchasing power than at any time during the six years of socialist government.

Now the Assistance Board do a splendid job of work. They have earned, and they deserve, a very good name for their humanity and kindness and courtesy. All the same I hate to see more and more deserving people having to go and ask for help, which is what they have to do when they can't make ends meet because their insurance pensions have lost value and their savings are exhausted.

Now some knowing people who are anxious to disparage us will tell you that we are putting up pensions and benefits now because there is going to be a general election some time in the next two years. What utter nonsense that is! There is one very good and indeed conclusive reason why we are doing it now. The Insurance Act itself, which was passed in 1946, laid down that the Minister should, as a matter of duty, and indeed of obligation, review benefits in the autumn of 1954, just as soon as he got the report of the Government Actuary. I got that report on November 15. So I haven't wasted any time. And another reason why we can do something and do something really substantial

now, is that we have been uncommonly successful in restoring our national solvency and increasing our prosperity.

But we have to remember that there are more and more people earning the right to a pension, and the burden of pensions is going to increase automatically year by year. The reason why the burden is going to go up so much is this. We all agreed in 1946 that the new rates of pension should be brought into force immediately, and should go to all of those who had only contributed towards a pension of 10s. under the old scheme. We also agreed that the new pensions should go to anyone, even though they had only ten years payment of contribution standing to their credit. And on each occasion since 1946 when pensions have been raised, the higher rates have been given to everyone already enjoying pension, although, of course, they could not themselves make any contribution at all towards paying for the increase.

As a result of doing all this—and I am quite sure we were right to do it—very heavy deficiencies on the Insurance Fund will have to be met out of general taxation. Five years hence the taxpayers will have to find well over £200,000,000 a year to keep the Fund in balance, and in twenty or twenty-five years time we shall have to pay as much to keep the Insurance Fund solvent as we are now paying in taxes to provide the National Health Service. I myself am not too worried about the future; but it is right that we should bear these facts in mind when we are thinking about the level of pensions that we can afford.

Now, why can't we pay out the extra money straight away? Well, you may remember that when pensions were increased in 1951 it took five-and-a-half months to get the new rates into payment, and that when in 1952 both pensions and benefits were increased it took over six months. This time we are doing an even bigger job; we are doing it at a much more difficult time of year, when our own staff all over the country is sure to be reduced by illness, and in any case they are hard pressed by claims for sickness benefit which must be handled quickly if hardship is to be avoided.

This is a very difficult time of year to carry out this complicated operation; and we are determined to do it in a shorter time than ever before. The war pensioners and people drawing National Assistance come first—their new rates will operate from the first week in February. The great body of retirement and old age pensioners will get their increases during the last week in April—I wish it could be sooner; but to reprint or overstamp and re-issue all these millions of order books is a huge undertaking. Don't some of you remember from your experience in 1946, what happens if you try to rush this business? Hundreds of thousands of pensioners that winter found themselves without order books at all, and naturally they were very angry and disappointed. I'm not going to ask pensioners to come and queue up at our local insurance offices to exchange their books, or to go to the post offices to cash their orders at the worst time of the year for weather, and then go away disappointed. That would indeed be unpardonable.

If, in the meanwhile, anyone is in urgent need, they really shouldn't hesitate to go to the National Assistance Board. The scales of

assistance go further and buy more today than they did at any time during the six years before we took over in 1951. But I'm glad to say that, as part and parcel of our great plan, assistance scales are going up too, by 2s. 6d. a week single, and 4s. married, in the first week of February.

Now I've got to give you a few figures to show the sort of improvements that we're going to make. After all, figures of £s.d. are the core of the whole pensions problem. I'll give as few as possible as all the details will be made easily available in different ways, and everyone will know later on just what they have to do. First, the new rates for war disability. The basic rate was 45s. when we took over in October 1951—the same as it had been in 1946. We propose to make it 67s. 6d.—that's half as much again; and if a man can't work and earn wages, he gets the unemployability supplement as well. This supplement is going up from 35s. to 45s. So that means that a severely disabled unmarried ex-private soldier who was getting £4 a week altogether in 1951 will very soon get £5 12s. 6d. Then there are the allowances for wives and children for clothing and constant attendance, and these are all going up too. A very seriously disabled man—married, with two children, drawing all the various supplements and allowances, was getting £8 6s. a week three years ago. Under our proposals he will be entitled to £11 10s. Under the Industrial Injuries insurance

scheme the position is very much the same. The basic rate goes up to the same figure as the war pension, and the allowances are also increased, though not all in just the same way.

Finally, I come to the main rates of pension and benefit under the National Insurance Scheme. To give them back the value which they had in 1946 would have meant increasing the single rate, which we raised to 32s. 6d. in 1952, to 37s. 6d. today; and the married rate, which we had raised to 54s. to 60s. In fact we are going to do better than this. The single rate is going up from 32s. 6d. to 40s.; the married rate from 54s. to 65s. These are the new main rates for pensions and benefits: 40s. single, 65s. married. They will have a higher value than they possessed, or were intended to possess, when they were first fixed after the war in 1946, at 26s. single and 42s. for the married man.

Now of course all this means a lot more money to be found, and to be paid out: about £120,000,000 a year altogether. And as most of this money is for insurance pensions and benefits, we must all be prepared to pay something more on our weekly stamps into the Fund. The Exchequer, of course, pays for the rise in war pensions, and it also contributes with workers and employers to the cost of the insurance schemes; and it will have to meet the heavy deficiencies as they increase year by year.

There's been a lot of sympathy expressed with

the old age pensioners. There's also been quite a lot of fuss from the Opposition in the House of Commons about the increase in contributions we propose. Personally I don't believe that many people are going to grudge paying an extra 1s. a week towards the cost of higher pensions for the old people, and later for themselves, when they in turn grow old. National Insurance is a wonderful bargain—look at the pension alone! The single person's pension is going to be £104 a year—a married man's £169—and there are higher rates which can be earned if retirement is deferred. But no employed man today, even if he's had a card ever since January 1926, when the old scheme began, can himself have paid into the fund towards his own pension more than about £70 altogether.

I hope in this short talk I have been able to give you some idea of what we are trying to do. We think it's only fair and just that the war disabled, the old age pensioner, the sick, and the unemployed should have at least as good a share of the nation's cake as they were promised in 1946. In actual fact, we're making sure they'll all have something more. And it's not only fair and just—it's good policy as well. I'm pretty sure you will wish us well in our determination to meet a debt of honour, and in our efforts to rebuild the insurance system, and make it—rather than assistance—the first defence against misfortune, and the main provision for old age.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Law and Obscenity

Sir,—An eminent judge, Mr. Justice Lynskey, said the other day that the law relating to obscenity in literature is perfectly clear. No doubt it is clear to a lawyer, but neither the layman nor the lawyer can foresee how it will work, so it makes upon the general public an impression not of clarity but of obscurity. This impression has been deepened by the numerous newspaper reports of cases. The decisions of magistrates, the summings up of judges, the verdicts of juries produce in their totality a bewildering effect, and, regarded separately, they often surprise. It is natural that they should do this: for one thing the definition of obscenity covers so much that is undefinable, and for another there always must be diverse reactions over a subject that involves sex. In all such cases a high degree of uncertainty is inevitable.

Aware of this, the Home Office might be expected to prosecute as sparingly as possible, and this has indeed been its usual policy. Prosecutions of books for obscenity have been sporadic in this country, as they are still in other countries. But about eighteen months ago a change in policy took place, and an attempt was made to elevate sporadic prosecutions into the dimensions of a national campaign. As a result of this campaign, there has been a heavy expenditure of public and private money, there has been a great expenditure of time in the courts, there has been a disorganisation of the book trade from which it will be slow to recover; and there has also been a result of another type which the promoters of the campaign cannot have foreseen and are unlikely to welcome: many people who would not otherwise have thought about obscenity are now thinking about it, and some of them are asking themselves what it is and whether indeed it exists.

This advance in public awareness does not however compensate for the nuisances inflicted

on the public by the campaign. Perhaps the law can be improved, as some of your correspondents suggest, but for the moment there is something relating to the law which is far more urgent than any improvement in it: it ought not to be used so much.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 E. M. FORSTER

Sir,—Mr. Gibbs-Smith contended (THE LISTENER, December 9) that 'the two chief reasons for sex disturbances today are the economic situation which prevents early marriage for young people and the small size of the average family'. Mr. Colin Clark (THE LISTENER, December 16) rightly points out the implausibility of the first contention: for one of the happiest features of the period under review has been precisely this, that economic and other changes have made possible a decline in the average age of marriage. Mr. Clark goes on to recommend that 'we should concentrate our attention on Mr. Gibbs-Smith's second point'.

Yet neither he nor Mr. Gibbs-Smith has vouchsafed any evidence whatsoever in favour of the thesis that small families lead to sex crimes. If families were being limited by *coitus interruptus* or celibacy in marriage rather than, as they now most usually are, by the use of contraceptives, then perhaps we might expect frustrated sex drives to burst out into criminal assaults. But as it is, what evidence we have indicates that delinquency is positively and not negatively correlated with family size. Thus Thomas Ferguson in *The Young Delinquent* (O.U.P. 1952) page 21, quotes figures showing that in the study he made in Glasgow for the Nuffield Foundation: 'The larger the family from which the boy was drawn the higher the incidence of delinquency, and, in general, the greater the proportion of boys with more than one conviction'. Again, Joseph Treneman in *Out of Step*

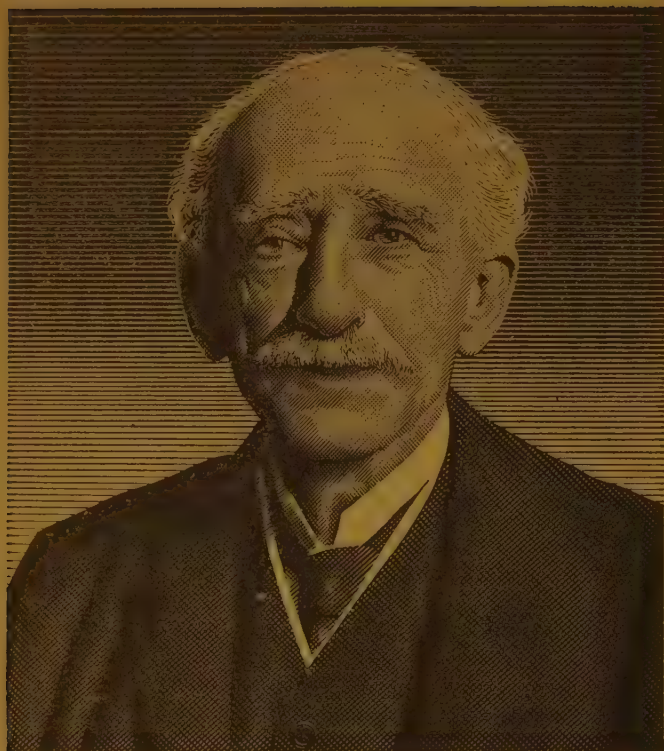
(Methuen, 1952), 'A Study of Young Delinquent Soldiers in Wartime', remarks (pages 171-2): 'An unusual thing about the men's families was their size... only about one quarter of the general population derives from families of six or more persons (including parents) among which nine-tenths of the offenders are found'. [My italics]

Now, of course, it is conceivable, though surely very improbable indeed, that while delinquency in general is thus positively correlated with family size, with sexual offences in particular that position is reversed. It is possible that there is evidence, apparently unknown to your earlier correspondents as well as to me, to suggest that this is indeed so. And, conceivably again, further investigation might reveal that the suggestion recklessly made by Mr. Gibbs-Smith and eagerly taken up by Mr. Colin Clark is, as it happens, well founded. But what no further evidence or further investigation can show is that someone holding the academic position Mr. Clark holds is entitled to make such a suggestion having no better reason than his own strong hostility to the idea of voluntary parenthood (see e.g., his article in THE LISTENER of March 26, 1953, and ensuing correspondence, April 2 and April 9, 1953).

Yours, etc.,
Keele ANTONY FLEW

Victims of Machines?

Sir,—In your editorial of December 16 you advert to Sir Henry Maine's deservedly famous saying, that the development of social relations, as known to him, had been 'from status to contract'. May not the facts, on which you were commenting, now be adequately summed up by saying that, since 1914, we have witnessed a very considerable movement in the opposite direction



PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

1904—1954 . . . half-a-century of unparalleled progress since John Ambrose Fleming patented the first electronic valve and laid the foundations of a vast new field of endeavour—electronics. No progress has been more striking or more beneficial to mankind than that born from this discovery.

Today electronics is shaping our economic, industrial and cultural future. Its influence is felt in every sphere of human activity, and day by day we become more familiar with the marvels of this new science. Radio and television are established in our homes; countless people are benefiting from X-ray diagnosis and therapy; mastery of the air is made possible by a bewildering variety of ingenious instruments and devices; ships travel safely through fog and storm; new processing and control techniques are revolutionising production in our factories.

Mullard is one of the great organisations that have made a major contribution to these developments. As far back as 1920 it pioneered the quantity production of electronic valves, and since then has continuously applied its growing research facilities to the development of new and improved electronic devices and advanced manufacturing techniques. Its extensive production resources faithfully serve the British electronics industry, and play their part in maintaining British leadership in electronics throughout the world.



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Identification Parade

EVER SINCE MAN HAS SOWN SEEDS, he has been battling against weeds. Today, weeds are no longer such a problem to the farmer, thanks to MCPA—an I.C.I. product which, when applied correctly, not only kills most of the common weeds of cornland without harming the crop, but is also non-poisonous. MCPA is a typical example of the results of that patient, large-scale, co-operative research that the unique organisation of I.C.I. makes possible. It began in 1936, with a series of experiments at Jealott's Hill, the I.C.I. Agricultural Research Station, to determine the effects of synthetic hormones in plant growth. Hormones are complex chemicals made in nature by plants themselves to control their development. During these experiments, it was discovered that some hormones were capable of stimulating the growth of certain plants and checking that of others, and in 1940, Dr. W. G. Templeman of Jealott's Hill and Dr. W. A. Sexton of I.C.I. Dyestuffs Division started to search specifically for a chemical that would check weeds without affecting crops. Within two years, they had discovered a promising chemical with the forbidding name: '2-methyl-4-chloro-phenoxyacetic acid'—MCPA for short.

By 1946, nation-wide tests had proved abundantly that the MCPA selective weedkiller was at once safe and powerful. By eliminating the weeds which rob crops of light, nutrients and moisture, it increased yields by up to 23% per acre. Today, in a convenient form for farmers known as 'Agroxone', this remarkable chemical, manufactured by I.C.I. General Chemicals Division, is marketed by the I.C.I. subsidiary—Plant Protection Ltd. It has taken its place alongside the many other I.C.I. products that are helping in the drive for more home-grown food for Britain's larder.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



from contract to status? One's success in obtaining fair treatment, if a dispute arises, from a government department or other large agency, depends not infrequently on how powerful an organisation one can, oneself, call in to look after one's interests; sometimes one's own employer (as formerly one's feudal superior); often, a trade union or professional organisation.

I will not embark here on moral considerations, nor discuss whether the Age of Free Contract always produced the greatest happiness of the greatest number; but the development is, to a student of society, at least of great interest.

I must add, however, in defence of a maligned class of men, that I have thrice had occasion to write to Members of Parliament, and in every case received every courtesy and assistance.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

A. R. BURN

Translating by Machine

Sir,—When John first spoke to me of the translation-machine I said: 'Oh, I know all about that: I have marked twenty thousand School Certificate translation scripts in my time . . .'. 'No, no', he replied, 'I mean a really mechanical machine, an electronic affair, kind of robot, you know: when a card with a French word on it is inserted into one side the English equivalent comes out at the other end'. 'Marvellous', I retorted, 'let's try it with the very simplest case, the words "du", "de"'.
(1) 'Pour calmer ma faim je mange du pain plutôt que de la viande'. Ah well, here it doesn't work because the translation just consists in leaving 'du' out as we say 'I eat bread'.
(2) Let's try another sentence: 'A déjeuner je mange du pain'. You could say: 'I eat bread or some bread', but in 'Hier à déjeuner j'ai mangé du pain', you would have to say 'some' bread.
(3) And now, for 'un pain de deux livres', would we say 'a bread of two pounds'? No, no, we must have a compound word, and say: 'a two-pound br. . .'. But, of course, 'pain' is not 'bread' here but 'loaf', and 'j'ai mangé' is 'I ate', not 'I have eaten'.
(4) Nor is that all. In the following sentence: 'Le puriste dit: j'ai mangé "de" bon pain et non "du" bon pain', the words 'de' and 'du' in the translation would have to remain in French.

Don't you think the machine would have a wonderfully electronic headache? And I am not mentioning the really difficult cases, words, for instance, like *conscience* which in English may mean 'conscience', 'consciousness' or 'conscientiousness'.

Yours, etc.,

Nice

FÉLIX DE GRAND'COMBE

Sir,—I should be glad if you would permit me to comment on Mr. B. Foster's letter on 'Translating by Machine' (THE LISTENER, December 9). I enjoyed reading the letter because it made me laugh. But this did not prevent me from seeing that Mr. Foster is fundamentally not right in his objections to machine translation.

He seems to take it for granted that language is a perfect rendering of the manifold, the world we see and feel, and also that translations may be perfect renderings of the originals, whereas machine translation could never attain such perfection. Neither of his assumptions is true. Language is only a conceptual code for expressing what we see and feel and think, and the representation of the world of experience in terms of linguistic units is only an unsatisfactory reproduction of that world. In fact, the difference between what Mr. Foster would consider a bad machine translation and the original is very

much smaller than that between the world of our senses and its expression in terms of the linguistic code.

And, similarly, there is no such thing as a perfect translation from one language into another. The difference in language structure between two languages not closely related makes any translation a matter of compromise.

Considering now that every translation, be it of the world of our senses into the linguistic code, or from one such code into another, is very much a matter of compromise and convention, why should we not try to proceed on these lines in order to make a machine do the work of translation, always provided that the result is not incommensurate with the effort, and, of course, that it does not make the effort seem futile? So far we are content with, let us say, an eighty per cent. rendering of the original. Maybe a sixty per cent. rendering of which the machine may be capable would also do.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol

G. HERDAN

The Prime Minister's Portrait

Sir,—It is very interesting that Mr. Sylvester feels a twinge of regret that Kokoschka was not offered the commission to paint the Prime Minister's portrait. As an eminent critic he must know that Kokoschka painted a portrait of Mussolini in the company of a tiger, and that this picture was shown in the exhibition of 'Decadent Art' organised in Munich by the nazis before the war. A painting of Sir Winston Churchill posed with a lion would make a fascinating pair to hang together; but where?

Yours, etc.,

Harleston

DAVID CARR

Sir,—In his notice on Mr. Graham Sutherland's portrait of the Prime Minister (THE LISTENER, December 9), Mr. David Sylvester writes: '... it is difficult not to feel a twinge of regret that the commission was not offered to the greatest living portrait-painter, Kokoschka. To the inevitable objection that it would have been unsuitable to employ a foreign artist . . . it can be answered that Kokoschka did choose this country as his place of refuge from the nazis'.

Although I have no desire to enter into the present controversy about Mr. Sutherland's portrait, I should like to support Mr. Sylvester's timely remarks in so far as they help to draw attention to the shameful neglect of a great painter who has lived for many years in this country since he left Vienna in 1938.

Kokoschka's reputation and standing as an artist are secure both in Europe and the United States. Only in Britain, where he has done some of his best work, is he almost completely unknown. I believe this, to a large extent, is owing to the ghastly and practically meaningless label of 'Expressionist' which has stuck to his work and his name. The German Expressionist group ('those fierce illustrators', as Mr. Bernard Berenson has called them, who 'give expression to their own feeling, and forget the event or the object itself') have never been liked or appreciated in this country. Although it is true that early in his career Kokoschka was in sympathy with some of the aims and ideas of this rather heterogeneous group, he has never really belonged to it, nor to any other group or school of painting.

Another source of confusion has been the fact that there are, roughly speaking, four different Kokoschkas. There is the violent, revolutionary, and satirical artist of the first and second world wars, protesting with brush, pen, and pencil against the insanity of western civilisation. Then there is the great landscape painter of Switzerland, London, Italy, and Africa—a true magician

of colour. Next comes Kokoschka the portrait-painter, in whom intuitive insight, form, and colour are most marvellously fused. And, finally, Kokoschka the exquisite water-colourist, with some of his antennae stretched out towards the fabulous realms of Far Eastern art.

A comprehensive exhibition of the four different Kokoschkas is what the artist and the British public really deserve. But even an exhibition which showed one or two facets of his genius would, I feel sure, be both a revelation and a delight to many people in this country.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

ANTON LOGORECI

Town Planning in Sweden and Norway

Sir,—What Mr. Eric de Maré says is true; but does he go far enough? One can well imagine the well-read Swedes having the four books he mentions on their shelves; one rarely sees a Bible. Sweden today believes in little apart from Efficiency and the Well-Scrubbed Look: if only there could be a great religious awakening!

Yours, etc.,

Petersfield

TERENCE HEYWOOD

Sir,—In a most interesting letter published in THE LISTENER of December 2, Mr. de Maré observes a spiritual vacuum in Swedish society, which he sees reflected in modern Swedish architecture and town-planning, and which he ascribes to industrialism and nonconformist traditions. Many Britons resident in Sweden become conscious of this spiritual vacuum, and will agree with Mr. de Maré's conclusions that it leads to an unsatisfactory set of guilt-complexes and work-compulsions, for which we may ourselves be heading. It may be wondered, however, whether Mr. de Maré has cited the correct causes of the spiritual vacuum; for Britain is as much industrialised as Sweden, and four post-war years in Stockholm convinced me that Swedish society is conformist but not religious.

A valid contrast can also be made with Norway, where strong social and political beliefs are more common, where a Briton feels no spiritual vacuum, and where leisure is jealously used. Norway is also much less industrialised than Sweden. Nevertheless, Norway has a social security system very similar to that in Sweden, and, what is more, is building houses and towns physically almost identical with those in Sweden.

Could it be that the spiritual vacuum and its attendant dangers in Sweden arise simply from the lack of any strong beliefs outside scientific materialism, and that modern Scandinavian architecture and town-planning have been conditioned by climate, technology, and economics rather than by social and moral trends?

Yours, etc.,

Lindfield

I. P. MACKAY

The Journal of Charles Bellairs

Sir,—I was most interested in Mr. John Bellairs' spirited reaction to my talk on his grandfather's Journal (THE LISTENER of November 25). It would appear, however, that he has allowed consanguinity to cloud his critical judgement.

The talk was based entirely upon the Journal; the summary was my final impression of the man as he was reflected in his writing, and was in no way intended as a commentary upon his later full and useful life.

Bellairs was, after all, a young man when he wrote the Journal; and despite the urbanity with which he imbued it, there are many obvious traces of a young man's preciousness and conceit: 'I went (to Oxford) on a small allowance, but I was determined not to demean myself by

making inferior acquaintances . . . I soon became friendly with the best men of the college . . . And this of a university where scholarship should know no class levels. It is also indicative of the man's personality that he saw fit to mention a conversation which he 'overheard': ' . . . intended to invite me again, for it was agreeable to find in the present day a young man who was respectful and not over-talkative, and who knew how to behave to his elders! '

Although there are traces of humour, the style generally is somewhat pedantic, and from various other letters which I have received, it is apparent that the Mr. Collins analogy, if a 'cheap sneer', as Mr. John Bellairs claims, is a sneer which must have distorted many other lips than my own.—Yours, etc.,

Acaster Malbis

MICHAEL ROBSON

John Locke

Sir,—As two other of your correspondents have already remarked, little space was given in your three commemorative broadcasts on John Locke to his thought, and his influence, as a philosopher. Neither Mr. Cranston nor Mr. Laslett could have been expected to discuss this aspect, since they were concerned with something different—Mr. Cranston with the valuable attempt to clarify a puzzling period of Locke's life; Mr. Laslett with his discovery of Locke as founder of the Board of Trade. Thus it was Mr. Gregory's part to cover Locke the philosopher.

I was struck by three points in his talk: (1) his could scarcely be called a tribute; (2) almost nothing was said on Locke's philosophy as it is and has been studied for the last 250 years by thousands in this country and abroad; (3) such discussion as there was concerned only one particular aspect of Locke's thought, and a minor one at that: if treated in isolation this can only mislead.

Mr. Gregory delighted in portraying Locke as a Puritan, of unassuming purpose, wholly given up to a materialist and utilitarian philosophy,

whose terminology had the same sense as the trading idiom used by his friends in the City, and whose thinking was neither philosophical nor scientific, nor indeed proper thinking at all, but a mere picture language concerned with commerce, mechanics, education, and faith. For Mr. Gregory, Locke never even asked, not to say answered, any philosophical questions; he was only interested in the endeavour to get on better without thinking. This is not the place to try to redress this picture of Locke and his reputation as a philosopher. But I would like to suggest that a more sympathetic study (which need by no means be uncritical) of Locke's writings would reveal that his Puritanism—which was the key-point of Mr. Gregory's talk—was mellowed by strong Anglican influences, and that his belief in a legislative ethics was tempered with a Platonic approach to morality. Since Locke has already suffered in the past from misrepresentation, it is to be hoped that he will be treated in future with precision and impartiality.

Durham

Yours, etc.,

W. VON LEYDEN

Shakespeare and Mr. Wilson Knight

Sir,—The talk on Mr. Wilson Knight (THE LISTENER, December 9) must have been welcome to his admirers, who I am sure are many. His interpretations of Shakespeare do not please the academicians for he approaches the plays as an actor, but an exceptional actor who thinks about the work he is interpreting as a vision of life. He therefore interprets them as moral and human works and above all practical in relation to his life, his own life seen in imagination, as though the plays were written for him. That is why his judgements (as for instance of Hamlet) will not always be accepted by others, but it gives vitality to his criticism and insight and makes him the most exciting writer upon Shakespeare of the present day.

Welwyn Garden City

Yours, etc.,

C. B. PURDOM

Cheeses To Choose From

Sir,—The 'Wars of the Roses' continue, only the objective changes, this time instead of cricket it is cheese.

In Yorkshire we have nostalgic memories of our pre-war Wensleydale, my critic's are of Lancashire. The Lancashire cheeses I have tasted were as I described them, but like many county cheeses there are varieties of them and obviously Mr. Chadwick having been 'brought up' on them must know them.

I apologise if I have misled listeners by underestimating their bite. I realise now they have a delightful kick, too. It is good to know that Englishmen can still be goaded into the defence of our native craftsmanship. If they become more audible we may get back our English cheeses of the old standard. We have a generation of young housewives who have never had the opportunity of tasting them, and only know the waxy, soap-like offerings—relics of rationing. Already farmhouse cheddar is available again, slightly dearer because of its superior quality, but incomparable in flavour. It is up to us to get them all back.

Yours, etc.,

ANN HARDY

Middlesbrough

Poet of the Cotton Famine

Sir,—With reference to the recent talk and letters in your columns about Sam Laycock, the Lancashire dialect poet, I would like to mention that over fifty years ago I paid many visits to relatives then residing in Failsworth near Oldham, and on one occasion I was introduced to Mr. Sim Schofield, the husband of the 'Bonny Brid'.

I was told that the poem was composed before, not after, the birth of one of his children. The fresh arrival was a girl! To alter the poem would spoil it and so it had to remain in its original form.

Yours, etc.,

C. B. M.

Gatley

Calais Prisoner, 1940

(continued from page 1108)

sending us diving for the ditches. I cannot say that the Panzer boys enjoyed this either, as they, too, made a dive for it.

It was those Panzer boys who made us realise what we were up against in the war. Fortunately, they were not with us for long. We were handed over to another set of guards, and things quietened down a little. By that time, however, we had begun to wonder when we were going to get fed and put on a train for Germany. Most of us had existed so far on rations left over from Calais, or from a few potatoes dug up from the fields and baked among the twigs we were able to find in the fields where we stopped for the night. As for the train, no one imagined for a moment that there was going to be no train. During the whole of the march the guards kept on telling us that the train was near by: it was always at the next town or village. We got tired of this story in the end. Then they told us that it was three days' march to the nearest railway junction that could cope with so many prisoners. Then there would be a train. But in the meantime they said: 'Keep marching, Kamerad. You have nothing to worry about. For you the war is over'. So we marched on. We never gave up hope that one day we would see that train: we thought it would put an end to the marching and the starvation.

The problem of food became worse every day.

The German rations for prisoners were almost non-existent. Very occasionally there was a soup issue. This looked like greasy water, with perhaps one or two small pieces of potato floating in it. Occasionally there was also an issue of a small piece of German rye bread, green with mould. But as more and more French, Belgian, and British prisoners converged on the column, it was quite common to reach the field kitchens and find nothing left. It was on this sort of diet that we were expected to march between twenty and thirty miles a day.

To live at all we had to find food the best way we could. The fields helped a little, but it was not very easy to get into them. The Germans at that time had a policy of behaving correctly towards the French. This meant that whenever a prisoner dived into a field in search of potatoes or mangel-wurzels, he was booted out of it by some guard making a great display of protecting French property. Actually, during that march the Germans did everything they could to play up the French against the British. In the main they were successful.

It was a good thing that it was a hot summer that year. Most nights we slept in fields, waking at dawn to find ourselves covered with dew. Nearly all of us had lost our blankets, gas capes, and ground sheets, which had been taken off us some time or other by the German guards.

In spite of their good equipment, they seemed short of such things. On the few occasions we did go under cover for the night, the conditions were so dreadful that we would have gladly spent the night outside in the pouring rain. At Doullens, for instance: we arrived there one sweltering afternoon and were all put into the local prison. We were packed so tight that each cell overflowed its occupants on to the landing and down the stairs. I do not think there was one place in the whole prison where any man had room enough to lie down. If a man wanted to relieve himself decently he would have to tread on the others to get out. I shared a cell with Senegalese troops, who were more philosophical than I was.

Soon after that we began hitting villages more often. German troops were billeted in many of them, and they came out of the houses to watch us pass. On these occasions they stood and jeered at us. The Germans who wanted souvenirs would dart forward and snatch a tin helmet or a watch from a prisoner. The guards did not bother to interfere. The favourite joke among the Germans was to bawl out Winston Churchill's name and then go into a violent pantomime demonstrating Sir Winston being hanged. We replied with a slightly different version of Sir Winston's 'V' sign. Anyway, we did reply.—Home Service

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Lord Liverpool and His Times

By Sir Charles Petrie.

James Barrie. 25s.

NEARLY NINETY YEARS AGO there appeared a 'three decker' biography of Lord Liverpool by Mr. C. D. Yonge. This compilation was perhaps in Lytton Strachey's mind when, in the preface to *Eminent Victorians*, he compared such books with the undertaker's *cortège* of illustrious men; with book and coffin each wearing 'the same air of slow, funereal barbarism'. Mr. Yonge was a prodigiously prolific writer who, in the intervals of being Regius Professor of both History and English in Belfast, wrote readily on anything from the classics to contemporary French and English history. Yet his life of Liverpool is of the first interest and importance for anyone who would seek to understand the course of English politics after the death of the younger Pitt. On the foundations laid by Yonge Sir Charles Petrie has erected his agreeable though somewhat light edifice. He reinforces his biography with a workmanlike knowledge of modern books about Liverpool's contemporaries, and with effective parallels from the immediate past in politics. Sir Charles gives us the beautiful picture of Liverpool, as a young man, which hangs in University College, Oxford, though possibly the toughness and shrewdness of the man are better revealed in the portrait done of him in later life by Lawrence. For Liverpool was certainly not a weak man. This is illustrated by his standing up to the Duke of Wellington (always rather importunate where his own family was concerned) over the appointment of Wellington's brother to an Irish bishopric. He wrote to Wellington 'it is from a conscientious sense of duty alone that I am compelled' to say that no clergyman living separate from his wife ought to be raised to the episcopal bench.

Disraeli's gibes against Liverpool as 'the Arch Mediocrity, who presided rather than ruled over this Cabinet of Mediocrities', are with others of the same order well known. But it is curious that an examination of Disraeli's diatribe against Liverpool, which is to be found in the second book of *Coningsby*, shows that it is really limited to an attack on Liverpool for doing the right things for the wrong reason. His argument was that Liverpool's Government was convinced their measures were beneficial, but that they failed to be guided by principle—the primordial principles of Tory Democracy. Certainly it is very greatly to the credit of Liverpool that having survived the Napoleonic Wars with a Cabinet of stony-hearted reactionaries like Bathurst, Vansittart, and Sidmouth he gradually introduced more liberal-minded ministers—notably of course Canning—into his Cabinet. This was no easy matter, considering the prejudices of his own majority in the Commons and the apprehensions of George IV. Sir Charles Petrie gives his readers some guidance on the effect on policy when Canning was substituted for Castlereagh, but he leaves them high and dry on the equally important field of home affairs when the Prime Minister brought forward enlightened men like Peel and Huskisson. The reader, wishing to elucidate this point further, would be well advised to turn to an admirable book by Mr. W. R. Brock called *Lord Liverpool and Liberal Toryism* which was launched in the dark days of 1941. He particularly emphasises the influence over Liverpool which was exercised by the capacious mind of Huskisson. Sir Charles' book offers a pleasant

and readable summary of Liverpool's career which may perhaps encourage some of his readers to quarry more deeply in a neglected decade of English politics.

Primitive India. By Vitold de Golish. Harrap. 30s.

The present book, excellently translated by Nadine Peppard, is a vivid introduction to four of India's most primitive peoples. The author's main purpose was to study and photograph religious architecture. But so deeply moved were he and his companions by the sense of ancient mystery in India that they deviated from their original plans to live for some months amongst the Todas and Kanis of South India and the Bondos and Gadabas of Orissa. Of these peoples, the Todas and Bondos are already well known to students of Indian anthropology, but the Kanis and Gadabas have still to be studied. The result is a most unusual kind of travel book. The text which comprises just under forty pages is a poetic evocation of primitive glamour, the expression of the author's emotional reactions in the presence of Indian peoples, still so ancient in their cultures, still so unlike the great majority of Hindus and still so imbued with wild enchantment. It is the series of eighty entrancing photographs, however, which chiefly evoke their special character—Bondo girls, with their almost African splendour, their tiny strip-skirts barely concealing their buttocks, Todas with their solemn majesty, Kanis drifting on their silent lakes. Other books have described with clarity the nature of tribal India: few are more likely to captivate the reader or to bring him under its spell.

An Autobiography. By Edwin Muir. Hogarth Press. 18s.

'In themselves', writes Dr. Muir in this very remarkable autobiography, 'our conscious lives may not be particularly interesting. But what we are not and can never be, our fable, seems to me inconceivably interesting'. His own life has been far from uninteresting, but for him the life of the individual is 'an endlessly repeated performance of the life of man', and on the great themes of humanity which once inspired our literature—time, immortality, man's relation to the animal world ('a relation involving predestined guilt')—he writes with passion and distinction. He also takes his dreams seriously, as a poet should if he is lucky enough to have them: sleep, he says, tells us things about ourselves which we would not otherwise discover. His best dreams have been mythological, and he admits that he has not yet solved the problem of what to do with them; meanwhile he transcribes them lucidly and without any false solemnity, so that one really becomes interested in trying to disentangle the threads of personal memory from the racial ones. As for the private dreams, there is a splendid one about a friend who reviewed Dr. Muir's poems three times, each successive review being less favourable: 'a vague apprehension that he might go on reviewing them for ever, in a steady scale of depreciation, sometimes came into my mind, and one night I dreamt of him . . .'

The author's narrative of the outward events of his life is in itself a fascinating story, particularly the account of his childhood in the Orkneys and the sudden transition from the natural to the artificial world at adolescence: he has no fashionable illusions about his grim years in

Glasgow, from which marriage and his gentle, unworldly persistence rescued him and brought him to his late-flowering literary career in London and Prague. These chapters offer some of the most worth-while writing of our time: they contain goodness without sentimentality, vividness without rhetoric, honesty made more truthful by poetic insight, suffering without despair.

Down to this point, the book is a re-issue: the original version, long out of print, appeared in 1940 as *The Story and the Fable*. Six further chapters have now been added: they bring the story up to date, and contain interesting pages on the nineteen-thirties and on the post-war communist regime in Prague, but they add, perhaps, little to the fable. Development, Dr. Muir suggests, means little more than that we have changed with the changing world—not always for the better. But the poet's vision and integrity have not changed, and have produced in this book not merely the chronicle of an unusual life but a wise commentary on the nature and value of experience itself.

Wordsworth: A Re-interpretation

By F. W. Bateson. Longmans. 21s.

'In America, according to Lionel Trilling, Wordsworth is not read at all now, except in the universities, and in this country too', adds Mr. Bateson, 'his popularity has declined almost as catastrophically. Wordsworth is in considerable danger of becoming a classic, like Spenser or Jonson, to whom we pay our respects, but in whom our real interest, if we are to be honest, is decidedly tepid'. The purpose of Mr. Bateson's book is to rescue Wordsworth from such a fate, and this he tries to do by showing that this poet pertains to our time—that he is, with Blake, 'the first specifically modern English poet'.

The author tells us that he thought of calling his book 'The Heroic Victim', and the meaning of this phrase is that he sees Wordsworth as a poet whose 'private struggles towards psychic integration have a representative quality'. His first business is to trace the course of Wordsworth's psychic disintegration. This he divides into three phases—a childhood made unhappy by tyrannical foster-parents (the Cooksons); his desertion of Annette Vallon, the French girl by whom he had an illegitimate child; and the growth and suppression of an incestuous love for his sister Dorothy.

There can be no question about the first phase: Wordsworth was an orphan, and suffered all the lonely misery of that condition. His natural feelings were checked, he became introspective, and developed a lively sympathy for all social outcasts which was to give a sense of realism to some of his best poems. About the other two phases—which Mr. Bateson is perhaps the first critic to distinguish clearly—there is room for considerable divergence of opinion. While not denying its importance as a decisive event in Wordsworth's poetic development, Mr. Bateson is inclined to play down the Annette episode. This he does by rather ungallantly suggesting that it was not Wordsworth who seduced Annette, but the other way round. The reasons for this being 'clear' to Mr. Bateson are, first, that she was four years older than William; and, second, that 'it would have been difficult for Wordsworth . . . to have taken the initiative in a language with which, according to his nephew, "at that time he had a very imperfect acquaintance"'. Surely Annette suffered from



*The Labours of Hercules,
from a Greek Vase*

A great reputation is a great charge —

THOMAS FULLER (1654-1734)

Mediocrity is bliss. It is not very hard to live up to one's second best; one can do it with arms folded and both feet on the table.

To be loyal to a great reputation is a harder task. It means equalling each day the highest standard one has set oneself in the past; that is, making one's utmost one's usual.

For an individual, concerned only with the single thread of his life, such an achievement is difficult enough. For an industry which turns out, say, thousands of tons of its products each hour, it involves both a jealous vigilance over quality and a never-ending search for ways of raising it. Without such vigilance and such a search, the hardest-won reputation would not last long.

Second best looks after itself; but a great reputation is made again each day.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

the same disability, and surely a tied tongue was never an impediment in such matters! In discussing 'The Borderers' a little later Mr. Bateson somewhat inconsistently admits that Wordsworth at the time of its composition (which was four years after the Annette affair) was still haunted by a sense of guilt—it is difficult to avoid', he says, 'some such interpretation of the play'. There is no reason why this sense of guilt should have been suddenly dissipated, and meanwhile Wordsworth was beginning to write his greatest poetry. He continued to write great poetry for a decade, and within this decade, according to Mr. Bateson, he developed feelings towards Dorothy that can only be called incestuous—the place of Annette as ultimate inspirer was taken by a brunette of twenty-six, whose "wild eyes" now drove Annette's out of Wordsworth's head as effectually as Annette had displaced Mary of Esthwaite some six years ago. The new love—it is the only word that can be used—was his sister Dorothy.

The suggestion is not a new one, as Mr. Bateson admits. Indeed, anyone who reads Dorothy's *Journals* (in their latest unexpurgated edition) without prejudice, and who realises that the Lucy poems were addressed to Dorothy, must come to the same conclusion. Of course, 'the idea of incest had to be thrust forcibly out of the conscious mind. But it remained in Wordsworth's subconscious mind', and the resolution of this conflict explains, according to Mr. Bateson, not only the specific nature of the Lucy poems, but a neurosis from which Wordsworth emerged triumphantly by a great effort of will—killing his poetic inspiration in the process. Dullness, pomposity, insincerity—these were the price of moral integrity.

Mr. Bateson argues his case convincingly, but there are one or two factors which he either ignores or dismisses as unimportant. He does not take into account Dorothy's feelings for Coleridge, which, as the *Journals* make evident, were certainly passionate. Perhaps Coleridge replaced William in much the same way as Dorothy replaced Annette! The dates, however, do not tally—it is evident that Dorothy was in love with the two men at the same time. Might not Wordsworth, therefore, have retained some feelings, if not of love then of remorse, towards Annette? In any case, it is a tangled web of passion and all we know for certain is that out of it came some of the greatest poetry ever written.

In fairness to Mr. Bateson it should be added that his book contains poetic criticism as well as psychological analysis, and that he has many acute things to say about the development of Wordsworth's verse as such. He is perhaps a little deficient in his appreciation of Wordsworth's philosophy—a religion and a political philosophy based upon man's primal instincts—is inadequate as a description of the maturest work of a poet who was not only a great humanist but also a seer whose deepest insights belong to the rare literature of mysticism.

The Underwater Naturalist

By Pierre de Latil. Jarrolds. 16s.

Adventure on Land and under the Sea

By Otis Barton. Longmans. 15s.

The author of *The Underwater Naturalist* has known the Côte d'Azur from his childhood when he used to catch shrimps, spear crabs with a fork tied to a stick, and peer in wonder at the inhabitants of the shore. His interest was aroused, and he turned to books to learn more of what he saw; but none of the books told him what he wanted to know—they were either too technical or too incompetently popular. The need for a guide book to the marine natural history of southern France for those who know

nothing of zoology became acute with the development of lightweight diving equipment that made underwater exploration and fishing possible. 'Very well, I thought in the end, I'll write it myself'—and here it is, an excellent book, packed with information from many sources ranging from Pliny to the author's own experiences down below. Although the book is full of scholarship and technical matters it is written with a light and witty touch that makes it as easy to read as a novel, and the natural history is accurate and reliable. It seems a pity, however, that man is not content to admire and study the new kingdom to which the diving equipment admits him, and that he has to use his emancipation from the air above for dealing death and destruction to the inhabitants of these fascinating underwater regions.

Adventure on Land and Under the Sea is a book of autobiographical reminiscences. Otis Barton was trained as an engineer but turned to natural history after a world cruise, and was filled with dreams of achieving notoriety as a maker of underwater films—he had, as he says, become Hollywood-conscious. His engineer's training enabled him to design the bathysphere, and his inheritance allowed him to pay for constructing it; with Dr. William Beebe he descended in it to great depths of the ocean off Bermuda. He then went on collecting and filming trips to many parts of the tropics; his book gives an interesting account of them.

The First Night of 'Twelfth Night'

By Leslie Hotson. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Dr. Hotson has put down his extraordinary success as a literary detective to what he calls 'luck—plus'. In the investigations that lie behind the present book, he certainly had luck—beyond all reasonable expectation; almost all the documents he was most anxious to see turned out to have defied for three and a half centuries all the destructive agencies to which papers, especially private letters, are always subject. With this good luck and the masterly exercise of the 'plus' attributes that nobody will fail to recognise as the most important part of his fact-finding methods, he has been able to produce very plausible grounds for believing that Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' was specially commissioned for performance at Court on Twelfth Night in the Christmas season of 1600-1.

On this occasion Queen Elizabeth 'honourably entertained' an illustrious Italian nobleman, Don Virginio Orsino, Duke of Bracciano; the same night four companies of players, including that to which Shakespeare belonged, acted plays at Whitehall Palace. Dr. Hotson's first important addition to these long-known facts was the discovery, among the Northumberland Papers at Alnwick, of the Lord Chamberlain's requisition of a play for the evening 'that shalbe best furnished with rich apparel, have greate variety and change of Musicke and daunces, and of a Subiect that may be most pleasing to her Maiestie'. Patient search, conducted with all Dr. Hotson's customary shrewdness, has brought to light several accounts of the various festivities of the season. These include Don Virginio Orsino's letters to his wife, which describe the extraordinary favour with which the Queen treated him at the play, the official report of the touchy and suspicious Russian ambassador, and the conscientious letters home of a young Bavarian Count. The last two did not see the Twelfth Night play, but their reports on the Court and its doings are no less interesting than those of Orsino. From these divers sources Dr. Hotson has collected an astonishing amount of material to support his case.

Unfortunately one vital link in his chain of evidence is missing. Not one of the documents names, or recognisably describes, the play that

was performed, though more than once we seem to hover on the brink of hearing what it was. Dr. Hotson is very persuasive about the perfect suitability of Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' to the occasion. He is probably right, but it is possible for one who knows less about Queen Elizabeth's tastes than he does to wonder whether she and the Italian Orsino would in fact receive as flattery the parts of Olivia and the Illyrian Orsino. Nor is it easy to accept Dr. Hotson's confident assertion that the play, whether it was Shakespeare's or not, was written to order and produced in ten days; on the other hand, a play already written, and possibly performed, or one whose composition was well advanced, could perhaps be adapted in the time. At any rate, in the absence of conclusive evidence for his two main contentions, Dr. Hotson's all but watertight case cannot be accepted as proved.

However, no one can fail to be excited by the mass of new information he supplies, both about 'Twelfth Night' and about the personalities of Queen Elizabeth's Court. Not all of his fresh annotations of the play will be accepted—his far-fetched gloss on Malvolio's name, for instance; but anyone who reads it from now on will do so with greatly increased understanding and enjoyment.

Dr. Hotson recapitulates the substance of an article that he published last year in which he showed that plays in private halls were often acted on an arena stage in the middle of the hall, and argued for a similar principle of staging in the public theatres. He makes no allowance for the versatility and adaptability of Elizabethan actors, or the diversity of the conditions in which they must have been called upon to act, and few readers will go all the way with him in the conclusions that he draws in this section of his book. Yet whatever reservations may be felt about some of his main theses, the book as a whole is one of the most stimulating books on Shakespeare that have appeared in recent years.

A Cornish Waif's Story. An Autobiography. Foreword by A. L. Rowse. Odhams. 12s. 6d.

The anonymous author of this book bears a scar, a memory of the morning when she received a large, hob-nailed, iron-heeled boot full in the centre of her forehead. It was thrown—not at her, but at the boy sleeping next to her—by a foul Fagin of a man in whose slum tenement-room in Plymouth she was living. She was five years old: an illegitimate child, used already to a workhouse ('that old Union maid' children called her) who had been handed over ('that old Eytalian maid' now) to a grim organ-grinder and his wife. In this dire company she would tramp the roads of Cornwall, from Saltash to Sennen, collecting the money or, as she grew older, singing. It was at the turn of the century and part of a true and fantastic story at variance with the jacket of the book.

This, by Philip Gough, is an idyllic coloured picture—charming enough but not much, one imagines, like the life of 'Emma Smith', even though she has a few happier memories of far West Cornwall: mainly of winter sunsets, splashing waves, half-seen cottage interiors. As A. L. Rowse (to whom the manuscript came, unheralded, through the post) says in an introduction, it is the realism that makes the book impressive. It holds the mind; there is no self-pity. The author—in her sixties now—has set down all she remembers of a terrifying childhood, of her refuge (away from Cornwall) in a convent penitentiary, of struggles in service, of the life that has eased at length into relative peace. It is plain and touching and set down sharply: more than the boot has left a scar. Thus 'Emma' recalls her first day at school and

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a teacher who threatened to cut out the child's tongue for talking.

'Cornish' in the title should not deceive anyone into expecting some kind of romantic journey: the book does not travel by Riviera express. We are not in a soft, yellow-sanded holiday country, but in a world that is both remote and stern. The author, as a married woman, once emigrated to the Western Australian bush. Although it lasted little more than six months, this too was an experience that went deep. It says much for the dolour of 'Emma's' childhood that she can confess: 'I really liked

the life up there in the bush. There was a freedom about it that appealed to me'.

Call to Greatness. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.

Mr. Adlai Stevenson gave three erudite and thoughtful lectures on foreign affairs at Harvard University in March this year. He is the least American of American politicians: if he lived on this side of the Atlantic his temperament and outlook would carry him far in English public life. He sees America with a detached as well as

a patriotic view and he is clearly not happy at the impression she creates among her allies. These lectures, now printed, are an explanation to Americans of the complexities of international affairs and a warning against exaggerated black and white judgements and pronouncements. Be patient, is the message that Mr. Stevenson gives to his fellow countrymen and in doing so he draws illuminatingly upon the experiences of his recent world tour. It is a comforting thought that approximately half of America looks to this calm and wise counsellor for leadership.

New Novels

Flesh and Blood. By François Mauriac. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

The Postman. By Roger Martin du Gard. Andre Deutsch. 9s. 6d.

Lucy in her Pink Jacket. By A. E. Coppard. Peter Nevill. 11s. 6d.

FLESH AND BLOOD was François Mauriac's third novel. He began it in 1914 and did not sign off until 1920. Before he had completed it the war, in Charles du Bos' phrase, had confiscated his youth; but if he returned from the war a grown man his gifts were not yet fully grown. They did not explode in full glory until *Le Baiser au Lepreux* in 1922, and from that until 1932 he wrote in a marvellous gallop of sustained energy and inspiration a number of brilliant novels that are in themselves sufficient to mark the decade as a very special period in the history of modern French fiction. If, then, we will read this novel not as an achievement but as a presage and harbinger, read it we must because of the seeds of greatness in it, and with a special fascination because they are all the time promising to sprout into something wonderful and in the end come to nothing. What, one keeps on asking—to change the metaphor—was the block in the petrol-pipe?

As I read *Flesh and Blood* I found myself thinking forward to the famous 'conversion', which, as we know, occurred in Mauriac's life somewhere between the autumn of 1928 and the spring of 1929, but which—so his critics who deplore it must maintain—had a delayed action effect since *The Knot of Vipers*, accepted by all as a masterly novel, survived it magnificently in 1932. It was a 'conversion' of conscience. He had always wished, as he has confessed himself, to lose his faith, in order that he might have the great pleasure and profit of recovering it again, refreshed and reinforced. He used to envy converts like Ernest Psichari and Jacques Maritain who had had the liberty of choice, the refreshment of discovery and the mental and spiritual rewards of their intellectual approach to religion as a philosophy of life, as compared with the born Catholic's too easy, too casual, too familiar, too unthinking and often fatally sentimental attitude to their church and their faith as a sort of taken-for-granted and rather cosy, amiable, and indulgent blood-relation.

His 'conversion' was an awakening of conscientious and intellectual sensibility. Chance—the reviewing of a book by Bossuet—made him suddenly and intensely aware that concupiscence is a bitch who buries her bones in order to smell them up again: the imagination, that is to say, constantly recreates or tries to recreate the joys of primal delights. And if a man is a novelist may he not only connive with these joys himself but fatally pass them on to others? The problem of personal responsibility began to ride him. Anyway the *bien pensants* and the puritans had been prodding at him for years. Those prudent guides to contemporary literature which one finds on the drawing-room tables of so many Catholic homes in France to warn us more ardently about the books we should not

read than to encourage us to read at all, had had no doubts as to his power to corrupt. They called his masterpieces 'disturbing... Unhealthy... Very pernicious... Morally base...'. (I could easily imagine the censorious critics of Dublin or Detroit using some such terms about *Flesh and Blood*. To most of us it must seem as fee-fo-fum as Daudet in one of his more deplorably melodramatic moods.)

I mention the 'conversion' and the theory of some of Mauriac's best critics such as, over here, Mr. Donat O'Donnell in his provocative and stimulating book *Maria Cross*, that as a result of it the Catholic killed the novelist in Mauriac, because I believe that what is precisely wrong with *Flesh and Blood* is that it is *not* written from the Catholic angle. Mauriac, like Graham Greene, can only write as a man who sees the supernatural at work within or on the natural. Until Mauriac found this key to his own nature he would not have found his own peculiar *manière de voir*; he would have been a fumbler. In the same way Greene fumbled in those early novels which he has since suppressed, and was away like a skier when he did discover the key somewhere between *Stamboul Train* and *Brighton Rock*. In short my own view of this famous public 'conversion' is that his critics would be on much firmer ground if they acknowledged that Mauriac without his Catholicism is unthinkable, could never have written at all, but that it did him no good when he started thinking self-consciously about being a Catholic—it merely damaged his spontaneity by making him see himself as a man in a 'position'. It did not, I may say, stop him from being a very fine writer. His play *Asmodée* was written five years later and there must be few living writers who would not be glad to have written the *La Pharissienne* of seven years later still.

Flesh and Blood was neither felt out nor thought out. He saw a young seminarian, Claude, who has renounced the idea of becoming a priest, returning to his parents' farm in the Gironde. He is the son of the former bailiff of the nearby Great House. To this house there now comes an old and lecherous man gone beyond his prime, with his former mistress as his housekeeper, his son, Edward, a dilettante without vigour or self-belief, and his daughter, May, a gentle and idealistic girl whom he and his mistress plot to marry off profitably by making life at home so hateful to her that she will take anybody to be free of them both. Edward is drawn to Claude because his freshness and ingenuousness are a welcome change from the sophistication of Paris. May is drawn to the youth by his earnestness, piety, and sincerity. The mistress, an incredible stage-villainess, meanwhile introduces her ambitious and voluptuous daughter Edith with the idea of marrying

her off to her former lover and present employer. But Edith prefers Edward and carries him off triumphantly, back to the fleshpots of Paris. May, sufficiently impressed by Claude to have allowed a single kiss and to see in his faith a symbol of an attractive renunciation, becomes a devout Catholic and obediently marries as her father wishes. Edith ditches Edward when she has squeezed him dry. Edward thereupon commits suicide, having first sent a five-day warning to both Claude and Edith, a last and vain appeal to two opposite types, for moral help. There the story ends, inconsequentially, abruptly, and without having made any point whatever about its two main characters Claude and May.

It is not merely that Mauriac has not stitched their stories together but that he has quite failed to follow up either. Smokily, at the back of his mind, he must have felt that there was some inherent thematic connection between the two—the idealistic young girl surrendering obediently and unenthusiastically to marriage and, to her surprise, delight, and shame, finding that it has its undeniable pleasures; and the youth awakening through her, to the complexities of life, and seeking for peace among them. The novel would need to be carried on much further to make something of this undeveloped, indeed undefined, theme. Du Bos was right. It was an early skirmish, full of gaucheries, an effort to pierce through the superficialities of life to the mysteries he felt lurking beneath. The best parts of the novel are the hot, lyrical, passionate descriptions of the smouldering heat and sensual summer feel of the countryside, so finely in keeping with the passions that it seems to symbolise and arouse.

What a contrast with Roger Martin du Gard's *The Postman*! This is also early, but it is not to be dismissed as a skirmish though it might be described as a cartoon or sketch. The postman goes from house to house on his morning round, and in each he uncovers the private lives behind the respectable facades. There is no fumbling. The strokes are put on firmly and ruthlessly, and without an iota of sensibility. For though we do not mind that everybody is base, or sensual, or greedy, or cunning, or deceitful, we do mind that they have no inner dimensions. Why it should be considered a classic in France is beyond me.

I got the authentic Coppard thrill only from the title story of *Lucy in her Pink Jacket*. Coppard at his best is a writer who has added technical skill to the artless mind of a folk-story-teller, rather like Hardy. The blend of ancient and modern is essential to him. In this volume he is far too artful and arch. Only in *Lucy* is there that old, simple magic of a tale written by a masterly technician in the mood and manner of the fireside.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Admiration

WHEN I AM ASKED (and it is quite often): Which of the fixed 'documentary' programmes do you like best? I think of 'Press Conference', 'Panorama', 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?', 'Asian Club', and 'Sportsview', not an order of preference. 'Panorama' might now come first. It certainly often ties with 'Press Conference' in attaining a sense of urgency in its discussions and in its general instructional and informative content. This Critic on the Hearth championed its possibilities from the first, when nearly every other critical hand was against it, some almost savagely so. Last week's edition was brimful of lively topics and stands out as the best, so far, in the series. There was the argument about '1984', the visit to the London Coliseum, which has arrived at its first half-century as a playhouse, and the interview with Gilbert Harding, more incisive, I am told, than those he himself conducts in sound-only.

At the Coliseum, we saw 'stars' of the past being squirmed into a reminiscent huddle by Lionel Hale, with his jaunty undergraduate air, his admirably neat command of any situation into which he may be thrust: enticing the timid into the summary limelight, toasting in champagne the favourites of an age he never knew. It was all most deftly done, a layer of charming sentiment in a sandwich with more astringent fillings on either side.

An excellent idea of someone's, that discussion of '1984' and its public impact. The objecting half of the panel, Alderman Sheppard and Jonah Barrington, newspaper television critic, hardly matched their opportunity with reasoned argument or compelling self-expression. If someone was wanted whose views were expressed as ineffectually as most people's on an intellectual issue, then the alderman was well cast for the occasion. Whether the television critics' trade union thought it efficiently served by Jonah Barrington, I gravely doubt; surely he could have found more to contribute than mere assenting remarks. On the other side, Michael Barry, Head of the Television Drama Department, manifested urgent if nervous sincerity of purpose in explaining to us why the play was put on. It remained for Malcolm Muggeridge to speak with the decision and force which the subject required. He came down unequivocally in compliment to the B.B.C. for risking widespread displeasure among viewers. No one told the alderman and the horrified audience he claimed to represent that the remedy for their discontents is in their own hands, at the turning of a knob.

Like 1945—the Churchill telegram affair—'1984' was a chance seized by petty publicity seekers in and out of parliament. The appearance in the

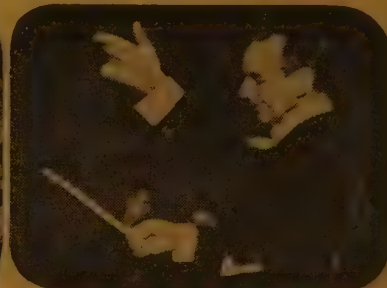
same edition of 'Panorama' of a folk-hero of our day, Gilbert Harding, was a reminder that he is no master of the art of being famous. He has never bothered to learn the manipulations by which some people contrive to secure public attention, pretending to scorn it at one time, wooing it at another. One cannot imagine him giving deep study to the question of which stage it is in a man's career when familiarity is likely to shade off into contempt. His appearance in 'Panorama' was an occasion for him to shove his halo right back over his head, as if he were bored with wearing the thing. Pronouncing himself 'a reluctant phoney', he made us understand that the sort of prominence which has come his way through television is not of the order he himself would have chosen. 'I'd like to have written a good poem', and so on.

'But we admire you', Muggeridge told him, as interviewer, without receiving an answering gleam of pleasure, possibly because of the implication that his star shines most radiantly in the programme called 'What's My Line?' He emerged from a somewhat testing interview as essentially a kind man (as some of us had discovered for ourselves long before he became the public figure) for whom facile glory brings no satisfactions, a sport of that fate which bestows on a man an artist's sensibilities but withholds the gifts with which to express them.

On the topic of television fame, I was given an amusing sidelight a day or two ago on the aspirations of some of the people who are plan-

ning their advertising campaigns for commercial television in this country. An advertising agent reports that 'considerable pressure' is being put on him by certain of his clients who see themselves as potential idols of the home screen. They are ambitious to make personal appearances in the programmes they will sponsor.

Meanwhile, Sir Malcolm Sargent has once again introduced the Huddersfield performances of 'Messiah' and shown all those in search of television reputation how to win and keep it. For many who go before the cameras, programme time is a shortened version of eternity. Sir Malcolm filled the thirty minutes with unfaltering talk about the genius of Handel and the sublimities it has given to the world. It was a demonstration of controlled enthusiasm such



As seen by the viewer: Handel's 'Messiah' on December 15: part of the Huddersfield Choral Society, and Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting

Photographs: John Cura

as we rarely see on television. No viewer could have failed to be impressed by its undertone of faith in the Christian way and many must have been uplifted by his fervent reiteration of the message for which Handel found such transcendent language.

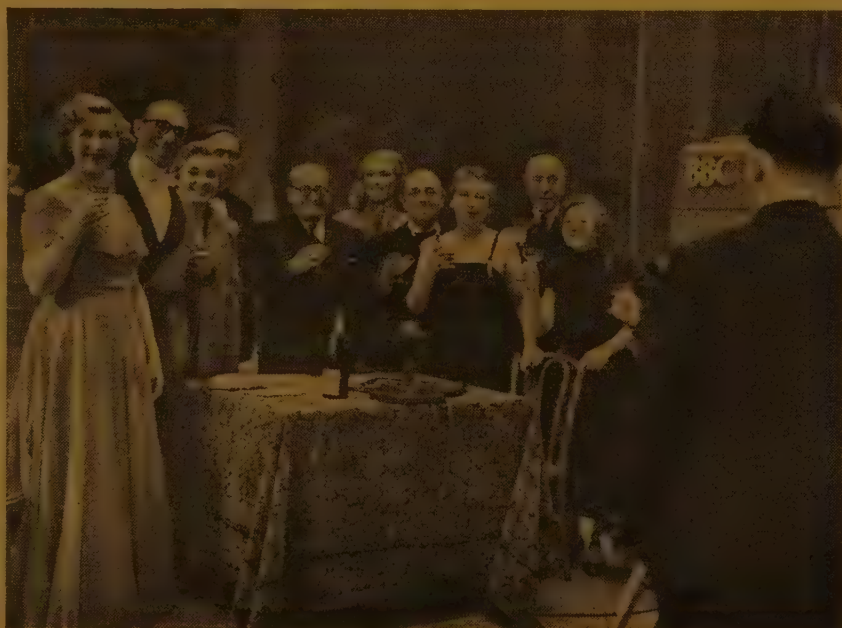
Lord Alanbrooke's bird films last Saturday night made entirely pleasurable viewing. I found them restorative after the day's exhaustions in the shops.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Thirty Years On

NOT SINCE 1805, when Parliament adjourned to see Master Betty play Hamlet at Drury Lane, has a piece of theatrical art excited our nation in the manner of Rudolph Cartier's production of Orwell's '1984'. I wrote briefly and personally last week of this clever but humourless adaptation by Nigel Kneale. I thought it finely produced and exceptionally well acted by Peter Cushing, Yvonne Mitchell, and André Morell, and I wrote of it only with some regret for having (as I thought) lost most of the irony of the book while, by enlarging the horrors (as visualising the unpleasant inevitable must) it somehow lost the satirical chill of the original. I also suggested regretfully and in no carping spirit that I sometimes doubted if Orwell,



'Panorama' from the stage of the London Coliseum on December 15, with (left to right) Dorothy Ward, George Gee, a member of the chorus, Lionel Hale, Sam Harbour (general manager of the Coliseum), a member of the chorus, Lupino Lane, Hetty King, Bill Bishop, and Mrs. Crocker

for all his deep doctrinaire love of the downtrodden, really in fact shared very deeply in the emotional and intellectual life of his fellow humans. This I still believe vitiated much of his brilliant political pamphleteering and prognostication.

But of course the time for saying these things is now past. I had written ere I knew the storm had been unleashed. Forgotten were restraints and extravagance; from the uttermost end of the land came threats, curses, fists shaken, palms held up in horror. It was said that someone had died of fright watching the piece, and in both Houses of Parliament thunderbolts were being collected for hurling. When art becomes political fodder, what does the poor critic do? Hide his head under his wing?

Art is always suspect in Britain and we do well to remember that she has many impassioned enemies. Artists, except at general elections, are not asked to air their opinions of politicians, but how swift is the politician to denounce the artist! Let an artist depict an alderman's lady with all the warts, or the south elevation of the manor with the pantry window awry, and what execrations are unloaded. 'Foul, filthy, monstrosity, burn it!'—the cries which had greeted Mr. Sutherland's staid, poster-type portrait of the Prime Minister and the efforts of the good Miss Mazo de la Roche to indicate that even Whiteoaks have sexual unions (or there would be no series)—these had hardly died on the air before there assailed us the new shouts of 'Ban it, stop it, disgusting, etc., etc.' The land was split. While Lord Vansittart, that noble critic of the arts, danced with joy, a wail of liberal dismay went up from the *Daily Worker*; and the head of a league of housewives proclaimed her moral revulsion. Oh Molière, descend and help us!

And at this point, may I say that a line taken by many others, i.e., 'We are still free. This is not 1984. You could have switched off if you didn't like it', is just as absurd? People don't have television to switch it off. No, the inescapable fact is that democratic or majority-monopoly television means in the long run that all one can serve up is the pap which may rot the mental teeth in the long run but turns not even the queasiest stomach at the time.

Meanwhile a Mr. and Mrs. George Orwell of Woolwich have been—I understand—telephonically assailed from all quarters. How the real 'Orwell' would have loved it all! And how, I think, he would have liked this bold realisation of the book. Certainly the canteen scene, so reminiscent of one which he used to visit, would have struck him as a miracle of *verismo*. Barry Learoyd was one up, there. Among performances which were merely secondary (Peter Cushing's being the one which really mattered) I thought both Donald Pleasance and Campbell Gray turned in effective studies; not to mention various members of the Thought Police, including Big Brother himself. But will the Thought Police really adopt such uniforms in 1984? Today, they affect a more conventional and casual garb. It works better, they find. One does not want to scare ostriches too soon.

As the festive season draws on, my attention to the screen becomes frenzied in the search for legitimate drama to discuss. I shall leave



'Music for You' on December 13: the Choir of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, with the 'Music for You' Singers in a recital of carols, and (right) Ralph Holmes

Sunday's play on the hob and give mild thanks for the pleasures derived from last week's 'Messiah', the Christmas music of which fell like a benediction from on high into the milling bazaar which ushers in the blessed period. I did not much care this time for the visual handling. It seems to me little is added to such stupendous things as 'And there were shepherds abiding...' by actually seeing the constrained face of the soprano at close range; nor addition to the weight and majesty of the chorus by tracking swiftly above the balding basses and the bespectacled mass of sopranos. But the sounds came through beautifully and consoled us. Eric Robinson was kindly and generous in 'Music for You'. It was the ballerina, Beryl Grey, who consoled here, with a Liszt Consolation; Sari Barabas throwing off cascades of coloratura; a sturdy young fiddler, Ralph Holmes, appearing; and a pretty young singer, Miss Crombie, saying farewell to become a nurse, were all made interesting in a democratic, magazine style. Now for the next thirty years...

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Toil and Trouble

WITCHES GO WITH WOODS. Garrulous Simon Forman, reporting upon 'Mackbeth' at the Globe (Bankside), said that as Macbeth and Banquo were 'riding thorowe a wod, ther stode before them 3 woman feiries or Nimphes'. There were haunted woods near Salem during the Massachusetts witch-scandal of 1692, brought up again this autumn in an Arthur Miller play. And now we have had, on radio, 'Witch Wood' (Home), wisely described by John Keir Cross

as an 'impression of some of the scenes from John Buchan's novel': a play that leads us to the mirk Wood, 'like a shaggy fur coat cast loosely down, very vast and dark', just the spot for those rites of the Old Religion in their midnight horror. Buchan's book powerfully suggests the weight upon a Lowland village where elders of the kirk, supposedly God-fearing in the noonday, would go by night to worship other dieties before another altar, the 'hellish altar' in the tanglewood.

Today witchcraft has slackened its grasp on the imagination. A witch is usually a comic pantomime hag, or else the centre of such a sophisticated comedy as van Druten's 'Bell, Book, and Candle'. The scalp prickles very gently, and the blood is uncurdled. We have had far too many tales, turnip-lantern stuff where a writer has



tried conscientiously to scare us by heaping his epithets, leaving nothing unsaid. But Buchan's narrative, and the radio play from it, are properly reticent at the right times. They chill the mind by their suggestion of 'delusions of the days that once have been... phantoms of air, and necromantic arts'. In the radio version we know immediately, whether we have read the book or not, that there must be something amiss with Ephraim, the chief Elder, 'red as a fox, with a white freckled face, and greenish eyes'. Then Buchan and Cross hold their fire. It is near the end, before Ephraim's terror in the wailing wood, when he is driven to it by the minister who has set himself to root out the paganism of Woodilee (what, I wonder, might he have said of van Druten's play?) This is quite the most charged passage in a piece that piles up above the wood and its altar like an anvil of thundercloud. 'Where were you in the mirk of Beltane Night?' 'Witch Wood' was acted intensely by a Scottish cast under Finlay Macdonald's direction, with honour to Robert Urquhart (little minister), David Mowat (Caird), and Denise Edwards. And we were glad to meet the great Montrose whom Buchan—with equal pleasure—slid into the pages of the novel.

Double, double, toil and trouble. The warlocks who call themselves the Goons have been capering even higher than usual in a 'Goon Show' (Home) that begins with a gold robbery

and ends, somehow, with Indian frontier fighting. 'The Red Bladder', comes the cry, 'is lighting fires all along the frontier'. And the answer is simple and logical: 'Perhaps he's cold'. The Goons, in most emergencies, remain matter-of-fact. During this programme they are at sea (clearly in a sieve), and hope is dead. 'What's our position?' asks the captain. 'Desperate!' replies the navigator. Fortunately they can check their bearings: the Albert Hall looms on the port beam. They are, for some reason, in the middle of Hyde Park. Not long afterwards—that is, before he was left stranded in the Indian quarter of India—Ned Seagoon swam ten miles: 'the last three were agony; they were overland'. With the Goons, two and two are plainly seven; black is invariably white. Sometimes the affair can whisk into the clouds; sometimes it is flatter than any flounder. Much depends upon the zest of the company: last week every Goon delighted in the toil-and-trouble.

We had a gold-hunt again in D. G. Bridson's 'Ballarat' (Home). It was a nice quirk of the planners to put this before the Goon Show: an uncompromising picture of the days when the diggings at Ballarat tore up the earth, like an open graveyard, in the first plague of the gold rush. Timon might have had a fierce spurt or two about 'this yellow slave'; indeed, it would have required his resources of invective to describe the organisation—and especially the police force—of the 'brutal, uncivilised, and horrible' settlement at its high fever. Still, it made a strong feature, toughly presented, with Peter Finch (knowing 'the curse of the lust of the yellow dirt') both to narrate and act.

The Albert Hall, spied by the drifting Goons, turned up again in 'Ted Ray Time' (Home), as 'the place with the circular wall'. Most surprisingly, Sir Adrian Boult was in it as a stooge to Ted Ray: we heard him explain that he was not only a member of the Musicians' Union, but also President of Long Itchington cycling club. It was pretty thin: neither Mr. Ray's goodwill nor Sir Adrian's courage could redeem the script. 'The Nutmeg Tree' (Light) is a hap-hazard comedy; but Yvonne Arnaud's voice—it frolics like the Helston Furry Dance—could redeem anything. And if the text of a Children's Hour play, 'Elizabeth Fry' (Home) was apt to labour, little could have improved the performances of Catherine Lacey as the woman whose toil-and-trouble would change prison history, and the contrasted female prisoners in the 'cage' of old Newgate.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Summing the Series

THE REITH LECTURES are over and by the time these notes appear in print three other series will have ended and a fourth will have reached its penultimate instalment. What, I wonder, has the B.B.C. got up its sleeve to replace them? Has it anything which, for me, will completely fill the gap left by Herbert Butterfield's 'Man and his Past', to which I looked forward, as each lecture came round, with the comfortable certainty that I would be conducted on an enthralling intellectual exploration? 'Revolution in Philosophy', a series of seven, was planned to demonstrate that the recent analytical movement in philosophy is something more than a trivial enquiry into words, as it has seemed to some people. The first talk, by Richard Wollheim, presented the position of thirty years ago against which the younger thinkers revolted, and the remaining six talks showed the motives and intentions of these analytical philosophers. In the fifth talk G. A. Paul was very good on G. E. Moore, best known by his great *Principia Ethica*

which, Mr. Paul declared, is not a book on morals but a preparation for the consideration of morals. He gave a delightful impression of Moore as a teacher who, as he lectured, seemed to be thinking aloud, so that his audience felt that they were accompanying him in a passionate process of discovery. Last week, in the sixth talk, 'Construction and Analysis', P. F. Strawson made a lucid and elegant comparison between the contemporary English and American schools of philosophy which was admirably composed and delivered. The final talk, last Saturday, came too late for me to write of it here. In it G. J. Warnock tackled the knotty question 'What Is Philosophy?'

'The Third Freedom', too, ended its seven discussions last week. This was a carefully planned series which discussed the formidable problem of providing enough food for the growing populations of the world. One might have thought that such discussions would be too dry and technical to be easily followed by the ordinary listener, but, in those I heard, the fact that many of the speakers were actively concerned and passionately interested in solving the problem brought great human interest to the discussions and made them very engrossing. Yet another series, 'Nationalism and the British Commonwealth', seemed, like the last mentioned, to forbode talk that would fall heavy on the ear, but when I sampled it in its second instalment I chanced on an uncommonly good broadcaster, Professor Nicholas Mansergh, who made the critic's listening a pleasure while he discussed the results of the choice of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon to remain in the Commonwealth.

The third talk, on "Nationalism" in Multi-Racial Societies by Ronald Robinson, demanded rather more of an effort, nor was this wholly the speaker's fault, though it is true that he lacked the liveliness of Professor Mansergh's style and delivery. He was discussing, in the first place, the Federation of Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and Kenya with their many coloured peoples and the added problem of the resident whites, and, secondly, the position within the Commonwealth of the Union of South Africa. This is a much more complex theme and I must confess that yet another problem for me was to keep an attentive ear on this talk.

The monthly review in the Third Programme of 'Soviet Affairs' consisted on December 7 of a report by T. F. Fox, editor of *The Lancet*, on 'Medicine in the Soviet Union' which I am late in mentioning. Dr. Fox has recently returned from a visit to the U.S.S.R., which he had already visited some years ago, and his quiet and coolly objective account of what he found was extraordinarily interesting, the more so that it was free from the slightest trace of the pros and cons of political prejudice, which is more than can always be said of scientific broadcasts.

I have also to report the appearance at the beginning of last week of a bird which is regrettably rare nowadays in the Home Service, to wit, a short story. The scene of Norah Burke's 'The Blue Bead' is India and it is written in a careful and conscious prose which creates and maintains a very vivid atmosphere. The descriptive passages are etched in with extreme sharpness: nothing could be more horribly realistic than the descriptions of the crocodile, and there is an unexpected twist at the end that beautifully illuminates the whole story.

On Tuesday evening a programme called 'Mrs. Thirkell Remembers' took the dangerous form of the broadcast interview, but this time there were no embarrassments for the listener. Colin MacInnes drew out his mother, Angela Thirkell, to talk of old days and the two of them gave us an enchanting half-hour.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Clarinets and the Musical Glasses

IN 'HIGH SOCIETY' Shakespeare is the proper alternative to the Musical Glasses as a fashionable topic. But, within the programmes under review, Shakespeare did not appear, and, if he had, it would be as much as my place is worth to discuss him. It would be as if a wood-worker dropped a brick; the shop-steward would be after me. So to our wood-wind—the clarinets.

These affable instruments were the subject of a no less affable talk by Alan Frank illustrated by a concert of early compositions for the clarinet, some of the music being played on eighteenth-century instruments by Bernard Walton with the Boyd Neel Orchestra directed by Trevor Harvey—or perhaps I should say that there was a concert illuminated by Mr. Frank's talk. The whole affair hinged upon the late Geoffrey Rendall's recent monograph on the clarinet, which has brought to light many hitherto unknown facts in the early history of the instrument. This information is also incorporated in the excellent article by Rendall in the latest edition of *Grove's Dictionary*.

In one particular, Mr. Frank, on the B.B.C., was more up to date than *Grove*. For a search at Karlsruhe for the two clarinet concertos by J. M. Molter mentioned in the dictionary brought to light four such works, the 'best' of which was chosen for performance. And very well worth hearing it was. The instrument played by Mr. Walton was, I gathered, fifty years later than the music, and proved that, contrary to expectation, by the end of the eighteenth century the instrument could play reasonably well in tune. Its tone-quality seemed brighter than the modern clarinet, which Mr. Walton used alternately with several old ones.

One of the most interesting pieces in this programme was by Handel, employing two clarinets, which, Mr. Frank ingeniously conjectured, may have been composed for a clarinettist and his wife who were performing in Dublin about the time when Handel was there for the performance of 'Messiah'. I have been unable to identify this work in W. C. Smith's catalogue in *Grove*, which is, however, not comprehensive. It certainly sounded remarkably well on the instruments in the performance recorded by Karl Haas' Baroque Ensemble, and is apparently unique in Handel's *œuvre*.

The basset-horn, the tenor of the family, turned up at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert on Wednesday, when Sir Thomas Beecham followed up his recent performances of Mozart's 'Wedding' Mass in C minor with the Requiem Mass, another and even greater 'torso' whose missing members were very efficiently supplied by Süßmayr. That Mozart's pupil and amanuensis was fully acquainted with his master's intentions and worked from sketches or from memory of Mozart's performance of ideas for the sections he did not live to complete, cannot be doubted. The instrumental opening of the 'Benedictus' with its lovely violin solo accompanied by the basset-horns sounded, as always, genuine Mozart.

The little Masonic Cantata (K.623), actually the last work that Mozart completed, made a suitable companion work to the Requiem, after a characteristically Beechamesque performance, both elegant and vivid, of the 'Linz' Symphony. The cantata belongs to the same exalted world as 'The Magic Flute'. Both the choral works were well sung, though the choral tone was rather lacking in resonance, perhaps owing to the acoustic character of the Royal Festival Hall. The excellent quartet of soloists, who were not confronted with such formidable difficulties as the singers in the C minor Mass, also sounded rather distant at times.

Bruno Hoffmann, the virtuoso of the other eighteenth-century instrument, has long been an expert performer on the musical glasses, which, I remember, he brought to one of the late Ernest Makower's concerts in the London Museum before 1939. He plays on water-tuned glasses and not on the semi-mechanical armonica invented by Benjamin Franklin. While his skill evokes admiration, I cannot say that I find the exceedingly vibrant tone of the 'instrument', which is somewhere between that of a flute and of a celesta, agreeable. Performance on the musical glasses was said to be harmful to the

nerves of the executant, which I can well believe, and I can imagine that too much of it might have a similar effect on the nerves of the auditor. Moreover, the player's remarkable facility in making the glasses resonant and, even, of producing the effect of a sharp attack, does not also include the ability to draw clearly defined phrases. The lines of the solo Adagio in C (K.356) by Mozart dissolved into a shapeless mass of vibrating tone. The wonderful Quintet in C minor (K.617) suffered less from this limitation in the medium, and the glassy tone blended well with flute and oboe, giving the

music a strange, ethereal quality. But though this programme, which also included a Quartet with armonica by Naumann and a Trio for oboes and cor anglais by Beethoven, which must be his least attractive work, was interesting as an experience, the celesta seems to me to produce a more musical effect in these works. I wonder, by the way, whether that fashionable instrument, the vibraphone, has been tried as a substitute for the armonica. It might produce the right quality of sound without its disadvantages.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Der Freischütz'

By EDWARD J. DENT

Weber's opera will be broadcast in the Home Service at 7.0 p.m. on Thursday, December 30

THE recent revival of 'Der Freischütz' at Covent Garden was a courageous gesture on the part of the management, all the more as it was given in English with an almost all-English cast, and entrusted to a designer, a producer, and a conductor who were all English and quite free from all German routine traditions. The reactions of a modern Covent Garden audience are difficult to assess, for the composition of that audience is both various and variable. To most people in England the opera is known almost solely by its overture, which is a stock filling-up piece for orchestral concerts, occasionally a show piece for a star conductor, but more often just a utility item which can be put on with a minimum of rehearsal because all orchestras have played it hundreds of times.

In Weber's lifetime 'Der Freischütz' had an enormous popular appeal in England as well as in Germany, though most of the English performances were mutilated and altered beyond recognition, and in Germany it became a national classic especially for popular audiences. As time went on it became more and more the sort of opera to which one took children for their first operatic experience, much as we take them now to 'Hänsel and Gretel'. In modern Germany, as far as I can gather, 'Hänsel and Gretel' has suffered a considerable decline, and 'Der Freischütz' has lost a good deal of its former popularity; it is kept up rather as a matter of duty in the minor houses, while at the same time it has come to be put on for 'festival' productions as a symbol of German nationalism to be treated with a portentous solemnity and unctuous reverence far removed from the composer's original intentions. Thank goodness, there was no nonsense of that sort at Covent Garden.

To German audiences in Weber's own day 'Der Freischütz' meant the decisive victory of the German language as against Italian as the language of opera. It was an opera for common people, not for an aristocracy, and its characters were all common village people, neither heroes of classical antiquity nor knights and ladies of mediæval romance. From the moment of its first production in Berlin in 1821 it had an immediate success and soon made Weber internationally famous; but his contemporaries and seniors in the musical world were severely critical of it, with the single exception of Beethoven, who of course was unable to hear the music on account of his deafness but perfectly well able to read it and enjoy it.

Schubert and Spohr both regarded Weber as an inadequately trained amateur; Spohr said that the success of 'Der Freischütz' was due to Weber's ability to write down to the level of the lower classes. The criticism of Schubert may have been due to a certain sense of jealousy; he

could write better symphonies than Weber's but he had not Weber's genius for the theatre. Spohr must be taken more seriously; he was a thoroughly professional and well-equipped musician if ever there was one, and we must never forget that in later years he was one of the first to appreciate the genius of Wagner, and that at a time when Wagner had not fully found his own style. It was true that Weber's musical education had been irregular; we realise nowadays only too well that his music lacks the classical sense of construction and his invention often strikes us as superficial and commonplace. This is in fact the reason why we hardly ever hear anything of Weber's in the concert-room today except the three familiar overtures. But he had an extraordinary ability to see a theatrical point and make a theatrical effect, orthodox or not; in this he often resembles Mussorgsky, and like Mussorgsky he had a genius at times for writing music that was quite naive and simple.

Weber's weakness lay in the fact that he had a vivid sense of the theatre and the stage, but hardly any intellectual understanding of drama. As a practical theatre conductor he always wanted to create effective roles which singers could make the most of, and, like all the composers of his age, Mozart included, he wanted his big effects to be applauded and encored as well if the public enjoyed them. It may seem difficult to reconcile this (for which there is plenty of factual evidence) with his equally strong conviction—also documented in his own writings—that the ideal German opera must be a complete organic whole in which singing, acting, stage decoration, and orchestra must blend together in an inseparable partnership. There is a letter of his which protests vehemently against a concert performance of one of his operas.

The scene in the Wolf's Glen, in 'Der Freischütz', is still overwhelming if reasonably well staged; a concert performance of the music would sound inconsequent, and a stage presentation without music quite absurd. Adequately produced on the stage, every detail falls into its right place; action (including movement of scenery, etc.) has exactly the right amount of time for it and at no moment is the work of the stage either held up or hustled. The music is a succession of scraps, but as long as we see the continuous action on the stage it becomes a complete whole, and there is no moment where an audience could break in with applause. But there is the same succession of scraps in the longer vocal movements of the opera, too, and if there is no visible action and the singers just stand still, there is a considerable risk of boredom.

Friedrich Kind, the author of the libretto, took the story from a collection of ghost stories

published in 1810, and this tale was based on an earlier one of 1750, purporting to be the true account of an actual trial for witchcraft. The tale of 1810 ends tragically; the young man casts magic bullets for a competition, is ordered to shoot at a white dove, and shoots his bride through the head; she dies, and the young man ends in a madhouse. For the purpose of an opera, Kind had to invent a happy end and also to enlarge the feminine interest. He conceived of the play not as an opera in the Italian style, not even that of the *semiseria* which was then in fashion, but as a wildly romantic spoken melodrama with occasional songs and incidental music. Weber naturally wanted more music of every kind and cut out much of Kind's dialogue at once, even though he sacrificed some of his own opportunities for music. Kind, in order to provide a dramatic story, got involved in one complication after another; theatre managers from 1821 onwards cut out more and more of the talk in order to make the work more like a conventional opera, and thereby made the plot more and more unintelligible.

The story is a conflict between good and evil, but the romantic mind has always found evil the more interesting of the two, and the modern mind is sceptical about both. Kind's villain, Caspar, with all his devilries, can still fascinate us, but his heroine Agathe is so pure and so pious as to be utterly colourless. Apart from a little plain sewing her only occupation is prayer; she really does nothing, and her prayers have no effect either. Compared to Beethoven's Leonora she is a very poor creature, and Max, the hero, is a pretty feeble character too. The only way to present 'Der Freischütz' to a modern English audience is to take it as Weber originally intended it, to accept the spoken dialogue, however old-fashioned in sentiment, and put it across as vigorously as we can. The Wolf's Glen scene is always safe enough—indeed, the more horrors we meet there the safer it is. For the rest, the stage needs as much movement as we can give it; the modern catch phrase of producers—'Oh, we leave all that to the imagination now'—simply will not work. Weber saw every detail in his own imagination and wanted his audience to see it, too, and understand it at once.

We cannot treat 'Der Freischütz'—at any rate in modern England—as a routine opera; it needs the most careful preparation and strenuous rehearsal. Covent Garden did give us that and we certainly ought to be grateful for it. If a modern audience often laughs 'in the wrong place' we need not be shocked, especially when it laughs at the pieties; if an audience laughs, at any rate it is not bored. And the magic of Weber's music never fails to hold us entranced.



SMOG is made up of pounds, shillings & poison

Every puff of smoke up the chimney is raw material—wealth—down the drain! For coal is a raw material of great National importance. From it—if it isn't burnt raw—come nylons and medicines, paints and fertilizers, vitamins, motor spirit and many more things. All these things are saved if coal is carbonised, not burnt. And just as important, the gas and coke that result are smokeless fuels—all heat and no smog. Thus with one stone Mr. Therm kills two hateful birds—waste of wealth and a menace to health.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

A STUFFING FOR THE EPICURE

THIS STUFFING is more or less my own 'invention', although it is based really on three traditional ways: English, French, and American. In France they consider the finest stuffing to consist mostly of pure pork sausage-meat and truffles, sometimes adding chestnuts; in America, a great favourite is a stuffing with oysters in it, but in England, the predominant flavouring is sage. But we do not all like it; some of us even find it somewhat indigestible.

You can use my mixture for almost any bird—turkey, or goose, or even a fine, plump fowl. Therefore I cannot give very precise quantities; but one pound each of chestnuts and the best available sausage-meat, with about a dozen onions, will go quite a long way. One important rule is to prepare the mixture about twenty-four hours in advance, stuff the bird, sew it up, and leave it in a cool place. In this way all the delicious and subtle flavourings have a chance to permeate the flesh completely.

Start with two or three well-trimmed rashers of streaky bacon, finely chopped and cooked for a minute or two with a tiny bit of butter or whatever good fat you use. Remove and put on a board; now add to the pan a medium-sized onion very finely chopped, putting in a little more fat, if necessary. Cook gently, with a lid on, until quite soft but not browned; then the liver and heart, chopped; a good handful of parsley and, if you like it, just a suspicion of sage. Add salt and pepper, a small glass of cooking sherry, and mash all thoroughly with a fork. Now pour over a small liqueur glass of

brandy—whisky does well, too—set alight, and shake the pan till the flames die out. Turn all out on to the board. Have the chestnuts ready, cooked and carefully peeled and divide in two equal parts; one half you chop and mash up, the other just roughly chop. Mix all as thoroughly as you can and add finally the oysters (fresh or tinned) with the juices. Taste, adding more salt and pepper if necessary, and you are ready to stuff the bird.

Do not be afraid of this somewhat curious mixture; after all, it is no more strange than some of our English savouries such as Angels on Horseback—oysters wrapped up in thin bacon rashers, quickly and crisply fried before serving on fried bread or toast.

With a bird stuffed in this way I do not serve any other vegetables, not even potatoes. Only a crisp salad such as the one called Lorette: strips of celery and beetroot, cooked or raw, surrounded with watercress, or some other greenery, with a plain French dressing. But that, needless to say, is purely a question of personal taste.

ROBIN ADAIR

DUTCH CHRISTMAS RING

Roll out about half a pound of puff or good flaky pastry into a long strip about five inches by twenty inches, then take about the same weight in almond paste. Make this almond paste into a long 'sausage' and lay it down the centre of the pastry, leaving a half-inch margin on either side. Moisten this edge with a little cold water, and fold the pastry over to enclose the

almond paste. Turn the roll over, so that the seam is underneath, and neatly join the two edges to form a ring. Lift it on to a baking-sheet, brush over with beaten egg and bake in a fairly hot oven (mark 6 or 425°) for approximately thirty-five minutes. When cooked, remove and cool; ice with a thin, white icing and decorate with split almonds, halved *glacé* cherries, and angelica.

IRIS SYRETT

Notes on Contributors

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS (page 1101), author, publisher, journalist and M.P. (Conservative) for the Devizes Division of Wiltshire since 1945; author of *Can Parliament Survive?*, etc.

KENNETH ROBINSON (page 1102): Reader in Colonial Government, Oxford University

THE REV. T. RALPH MORTON (page 1107): member of the Iona Community; author of *The Household of Faith: an Essay on the Changing Pattern of the Church's Life*

HUBERT WELLINGTON, A.R.C.A. (page 1110): Principal, Edinburgh College of Art 1932-42; Lecturer, History of Art, Slade School, 1946-49; author of *Jacob Epstein, William Rothenstein*, etc.

P. M. S. BLACKETT, F.R.S. (page 1112): Professor of Physics, Imperial College, London University; Nobel Prize for Physics, 1948; author of *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,286.

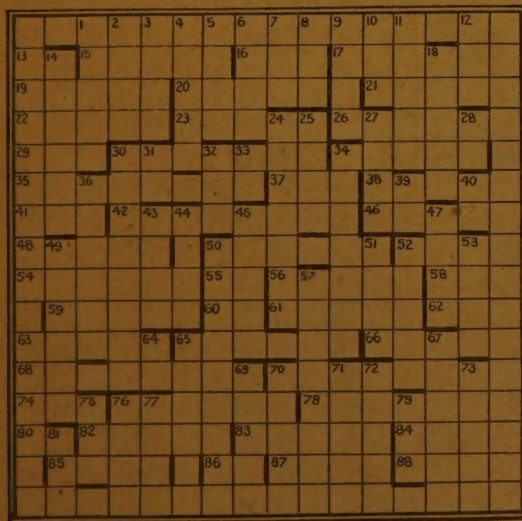
Christmas Pie.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, December 30

The sixty squares forming the perimeter contain a well-known couplet, reading clockwise, the starting-point to be found by investigation.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Preparations

Children 15A (5) themselves on 88A (4) 16A (3) Playing 34A (5)'s 21A (5)'s title 'Make Believe'. They raise a 11D (5) to Christ's 71U (5) day; When 33U (2) says '6D (4)' they willingly 76U (4); For 88A (4) 79D (3) hang stockings all 60A+28D (4); Close little 43D (4), 80R+64D (4) eyelids tight,—while 80R (2), Hoping, as 29R (3) did, that Sam is sleeping, Indulge our adult 75D (3), 46R (5) creeping, Slippers from feet 57D (8), gifts arrayed: 85R (4) for 27D (4), party piece for Pam, (38A (5) 31D (2) '39D (2) Bacio', 17A (6)'s kit for Sam. What 73D (5) bliss to follow! I'm afraid They cost too 3D (4), but—well, it's good for 56R (5).

Gardener's Plant

I do not 53D (4) for 88A (4) 3D (4). Oh, 42A (8) me, 74A (3) I'm 54A (6), From 47D (4) 44D (4), 88A (4) 66A (5) and 52A (4) To 26A (6) 6D (4), 18D (5) and 48A (5) 50A (6).

Pagan Festival

Come, pour oblation to the household 58A (3), Make 7D (3) goddess, 70R (8) a god. Pile high the shrine with offerings from afar: 'Tis 76R (6) now 65U (6) the favouring 10D (3), (72U (5) sweet!), and Charlotte 4U (5) from 60R+55R (4). And 82A (5) cake, with 30D (8) and all.

Pictures on Christmas Cards, in descending order of topicality

- (a) A Father 88A (4) with the 88A (4) 33U+39D (4). His 68A (8) 65A (6) 'twere better to 2D (4); One, like a 40D (2) with 36D (6), seems to 37R (3), Yet braves the snow 70D (5) with amazing 51D (4).
(b) In a 81U (3)—clad 35A (8). A little girl presents a crumb, A crumb of disproportioned 45D (5)—A 19A (5) for the 25U (4), I wage.
(c) Stepping like 60A+60A (4) from his 20A (5) chair, A Georgian fop, with 30A (7), 49D (6) phrase, Berates the 24D (7) 14D (6) who stand and stare: 'A 9U (4) for ye all' in 62R (3) he says.

- (d) Canadian 66A (5), (all bark and 78A (7) there); The foreground featuring an 23A (5) (bear), While in the 87A (4) an Indian 1D (5) Like a new 84R (4) swims into the view.
(e) 34D (7), with 60A+29A (5) 41A (3) asway, Watched by the 5D (4) Tiresias. He, Though blind, foresees, long years 86R (2), The 69D (5) of a later day.

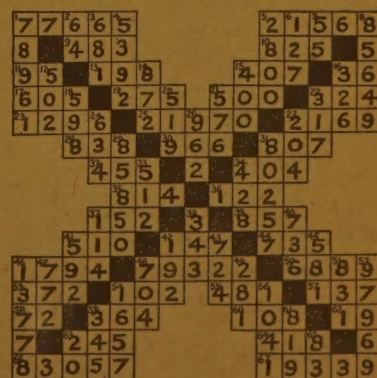
Cracker 83A (5), 67D (6) variation

Q: Why is the wife of Sir Arthur Poop, 86A (2), like an enthusiastic 85R (4) player?
A: Because she is 81D (3) to her Art.

After the party

When in 32D (3) time the 63A (5) guests are 77U (4), They 52D (5) the washing-up, and aprons 10U (3). 61R (5) by 50D (9) 31D (2) hot-water 59A (5), The goodwife washes and her husband wipes. From 8D (3) 33D (2) to 8D (3) 13R (2) next day 22A (5) is their only 12D (3), come who come may.

Solution of No. 1,284



Prizewinners: 1st prize: John Boyes-Watson (Braintree); 2nd prize: M. E. A. Matthews (Stratford-on-Avon); 3rd prize A. Robson (Bromley).

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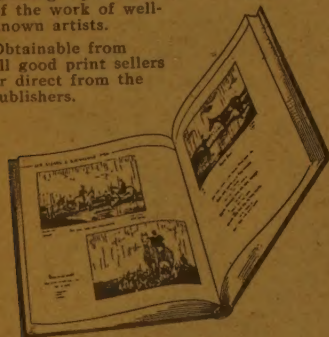
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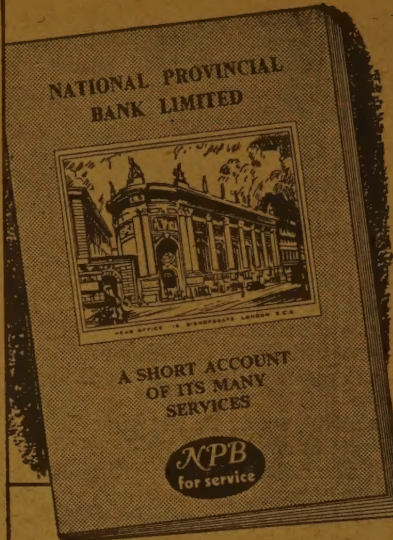
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